

PDC

# CRIME

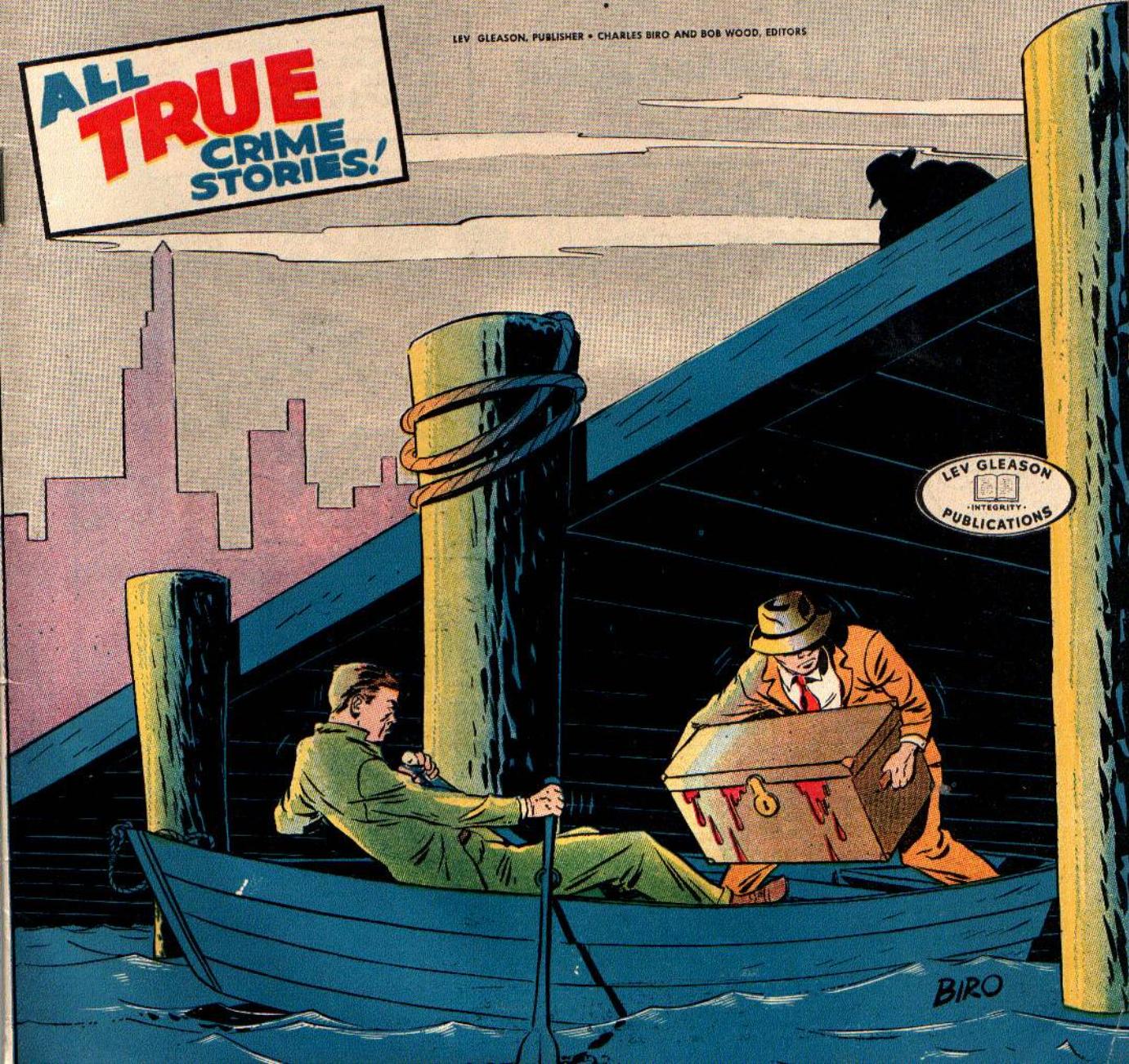
DOES NOT PAY

10¢

NO. 39

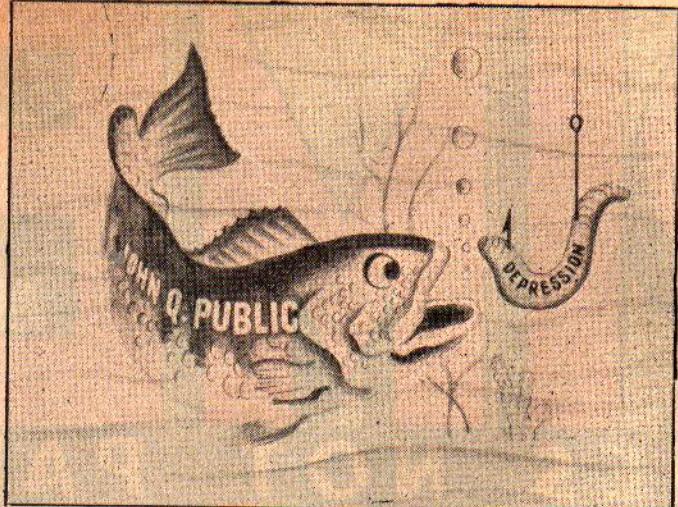
LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

ALL  
**TRUE**  
CRIME  
STORIES!



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





**Don't get hooked again!**

TO AVOID THE KIND OF DEPRESSION WE HAD AFTER THE LAST WAR — WE MUST HEAD OFF INFLATION NOW! THE SMART THING TO DO IS TO SAVE, NOT SPLURGE! DON'T GET HOOKED AGAIN!

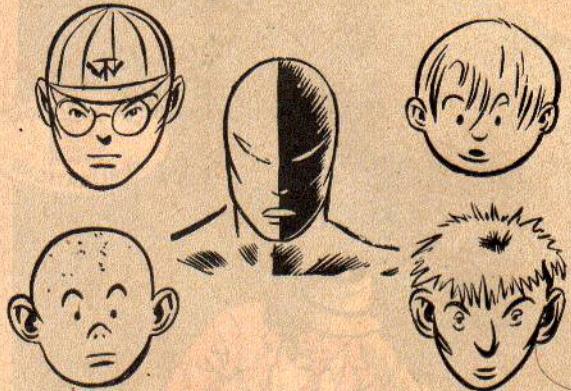
#### 4 THINGS TO DO TO KEEP PRICES DOWN AND AVOID ANOTHER DEPRESSION —

1. BUY ONLY WHAT YOU REALLY NEED.
2. WHEN YOU BUY, PAY NO MORE THAN CEILING PRICES. PAY YOUR RATION POINTS IN FULL.
3. KEEP YOUR OWN PRICES DOWN. DON'T TAKE ADVANTAGE OF WAR CONDITIONS TO ASK MORE FOR YOUR LABOR, YOUR SERVICES, OR THE GOODS YOU SELL.
4. SAVE! BUY AND HOLD ALL THE WAR BONDS YOU CAN AFFORD — TO HELP PAY FOR THE WAR AND INSURE YOUR FUTURE. KEEP UP YOUR INSURANCE!

HELP  
US  
KEEP  
PRICES DOWN

## WHO IS LUCASTA?

STEP UP, STEP UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! PRESENTING FOR THE FIRST TIME THE GREAT LUCASTA — SEES ALL KNOWS ALL — HE IS THE GREATEST CHALLENGE TO LAW AND ORDER EVER ENCOUNTERED BY DAREDEVIL AND THE LITTLE WISE GUYS !!



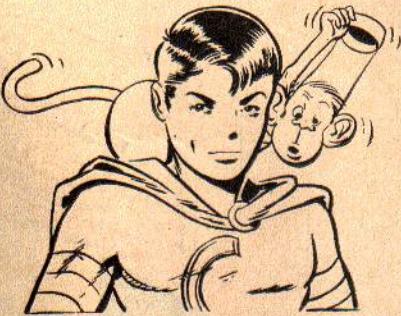
DANGER AND DEATH LURKS AT EVERY TURN — DON'T FAIL TO READ THIS PULSATING DRAMA IN THE CURRENT ISSUE OF

## DAREDEVIL!

Get it on  
your newsstand

**TODAY!**

WHAT TERROR GRIPS THE HEARTS OF CRIMEBUSTER AND SQUEEKS AS THEIR EYES FASTEN UPON THE GREATEST MYSTERY THAT HAS EVER CHALLENGED THE MIND OF MAN?



There are questions that must and will be answered — but at a terrific price!

- #1. WHY WAS THE DIRECCT SHIP FLOUNDERING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC?
- #2. WHO AND WHERE WERE THE CREW?
- #3. WILL CRIMEBUSTER HAVE THE COURAGE TO BOARD HER AND INVESTIGATE?
- #4. WILL CRIMEBUSTER HEED SQUEEKS' ANIMAL INSTINCT OF THE DANGER?

These ANY  
MANY OTHER  
BAFFLING QUESTIONS  
WILL ALL BE ANSWERED  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

**BOY**  
COMICS

On your newsstand **SOON!**

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# KING KILLER *of the* MOUNTAIN

A TRUE STORY

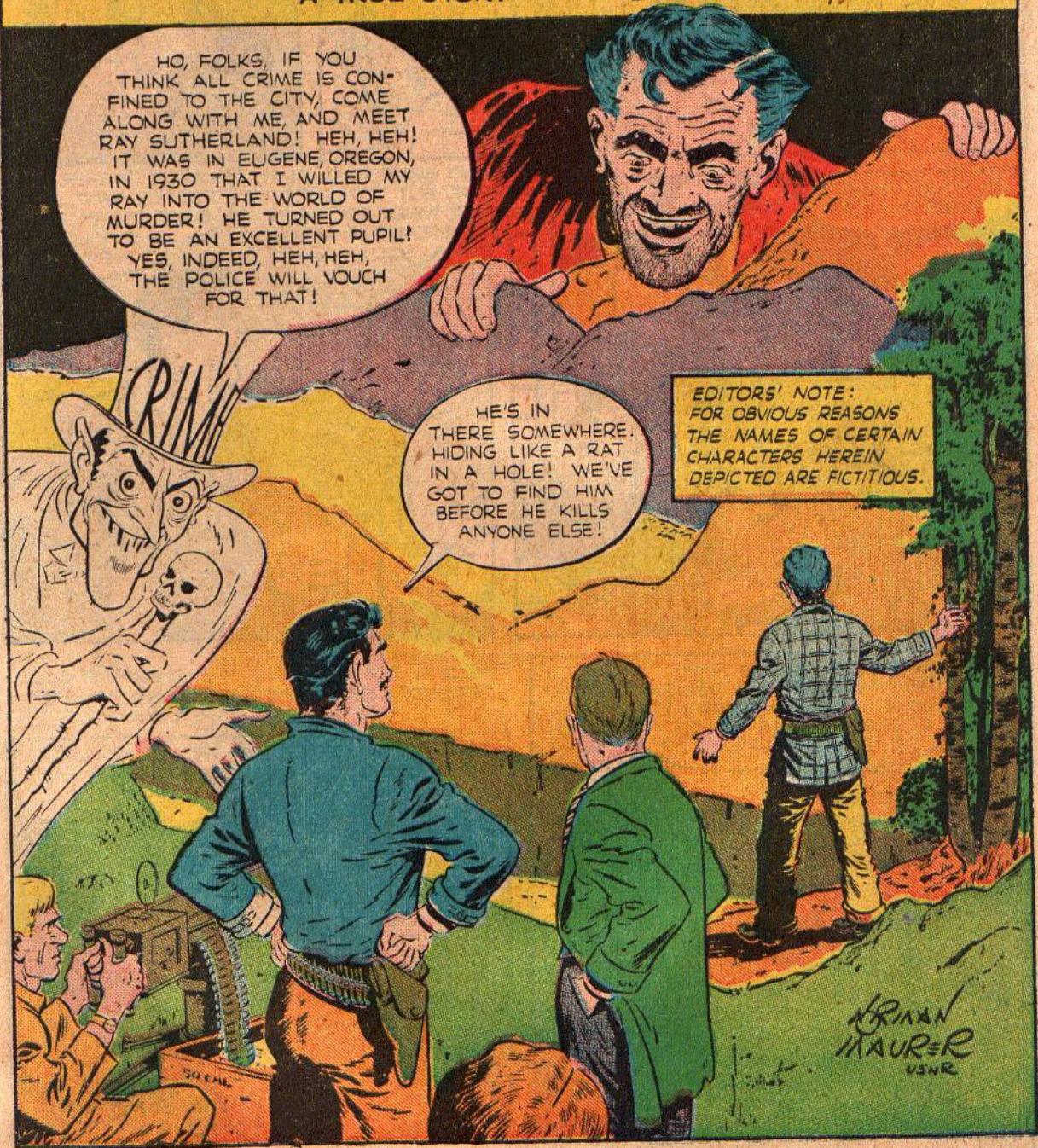
ADAPTED FOR "CRIME  
DOES NOT PAY" by DICK WOOD

HO, FOLKS, IF YOU  
THINK ALL CRIME IS CON-  
FINED TO THE CITY, COME  
ALONG WITH ME, AND MEET  
RAY SUTHERLAND! HEH, HEH!  
IT WAS IN EUGENE, OREGON,  
IN 1930 THAT I WILLED MY  
RAY INTO THE WORLD OF  
MURDER! HE TURNED OUT  
TO BE AN EXCELLENT PUPIL!  
YES, INDEED, HEH, HEH,  
THE POLICE WILL VOUCH  
FOR THAT!

HE'S IN  
THERE SOMEWHERE.  
HIDING LIKE A RAT  
IN A HOLE! WE'VE  
GOT TO FIND HIM  
BEFORE HE KILLS  
ANYONE ELSE!

EDITORS' NOTE:  
FOR OBVIOUS REASONS  
THE NAMES OF CERTAIN  
CHARACTERS HEREIN  
DEPICTED ARE FICTIONAL.

BRUCE  
MAURER  
U.S.A.



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

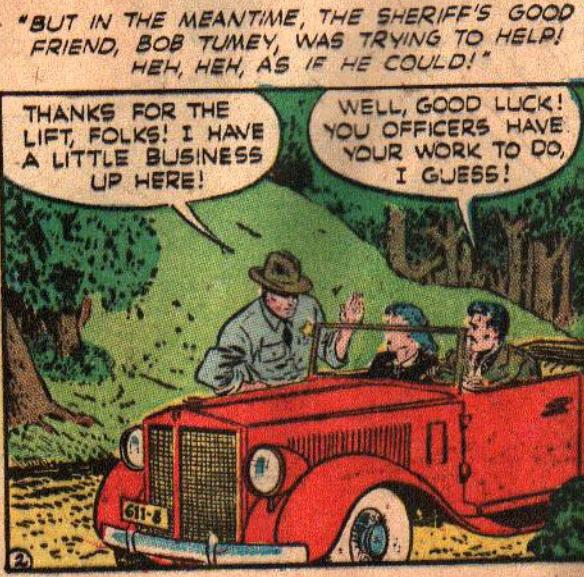
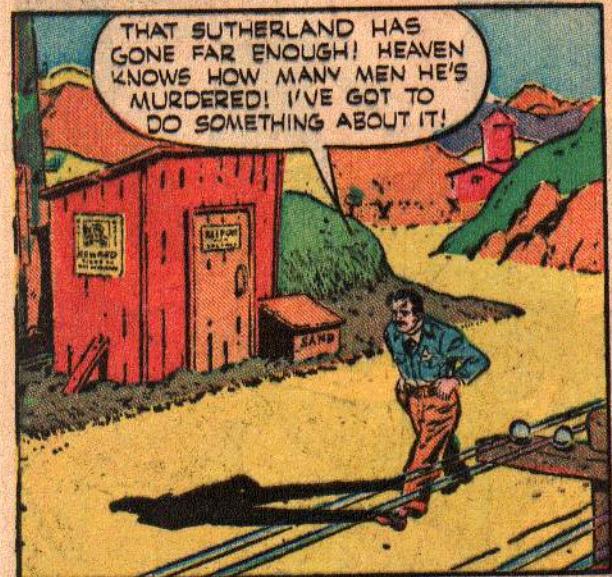
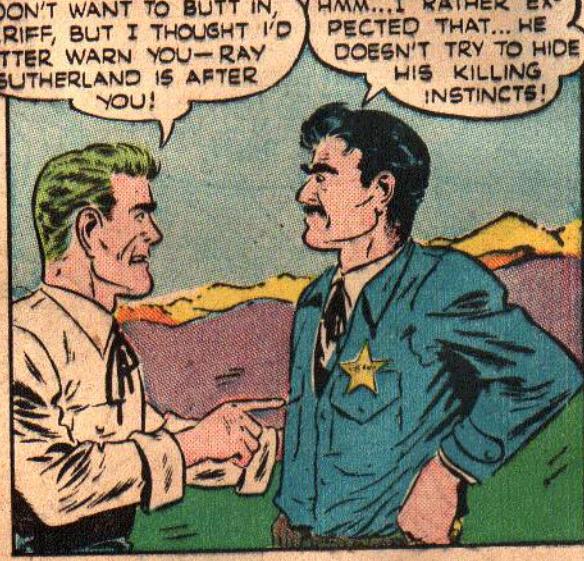
"RAY WASN'T A YOUNG MAN, BUT HE HAD THE HOT-HEADEDNESS THAT I DEMAND OF MY PUPILS!"

THIS IS MY TERRITORY! I KNOW MORE ABOUT THE WOODS AN' MOUNTAINS THAN ANYONE ELSE—THAT'S WHY I'M GONNA BOSS 'EM!

WELL, IF YOU'RE THE BOSS, SUTHERLAND, YOU SHOULD BE THE RICHEST. WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT?

YEAH—I'M SICK OF TH' SHERIFF AN' DEPUTIES GIVING ORDERS AROUND HERE! I'M TH' SMARTEST GUY IN TH' WHOLE VALLEY!

AN' BY THUNDER, I'LL KILL THE FIRST OFFICER TO STEP FOOT IN HERE... PARTICULARLY THAT DOG, JOHN HANSON!



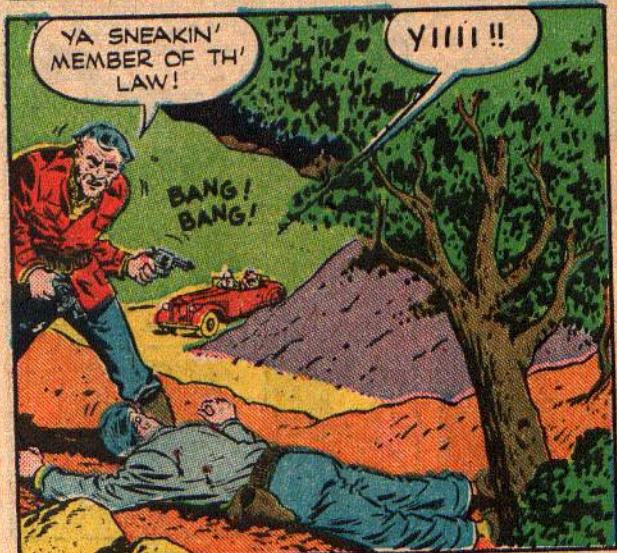
THAT SUTHERLAND HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! HEAVEN KNOWS HOW MANY MEN HE'S MURDERED! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

"BUT IN THE MEANTIME, THE SHERIFF'S GOOD FRIEND, BOB TUMEY, WAS TRYING TO HELP! HEH, HEH, AS IF HE COULD!"

THANKS FOR THE LIFT, FOLKS! I HAVE A LITTLE BUSINESS UP HERE!

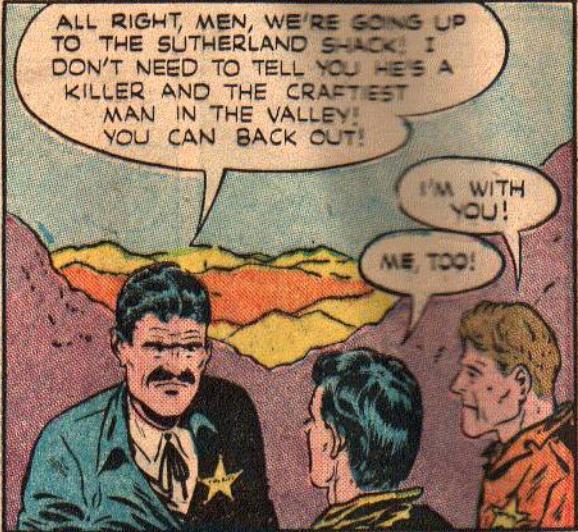
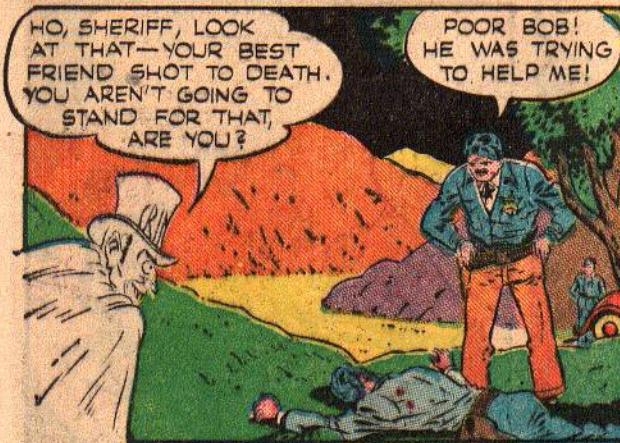
WELL, GOOD LUCK! YOU OFFICERS HAVE YOUR WORK TO DO, I GUESS!

# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"THAT'S HOW IT STARTED, FOLKS,  
AND I MADE SURE THAT IT WAS  
A GOOD CHASE!"



"IT WAS FUN WATCHING THEM  
SLINK THROUGH THE WOODS THAT  
NIGHT, FOR I KNEW WHAT WAS  
IN STORE FOR THEM!"



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"HO, IT WAS GREAT WATCHING THE EXPRESSION  
ON THEIR FACES THAT DAY!"



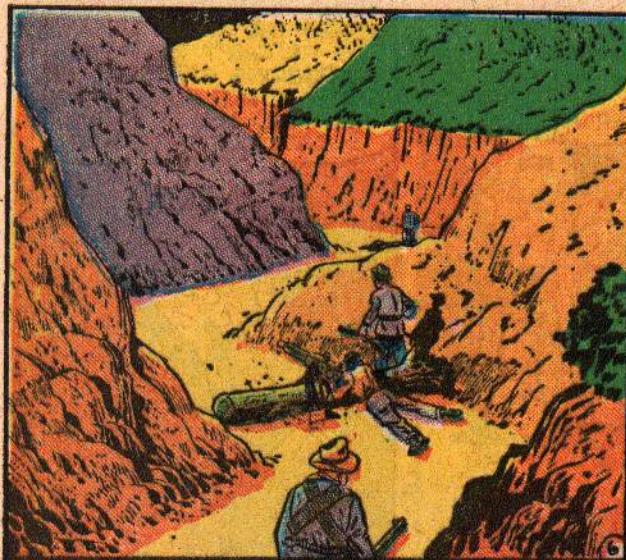
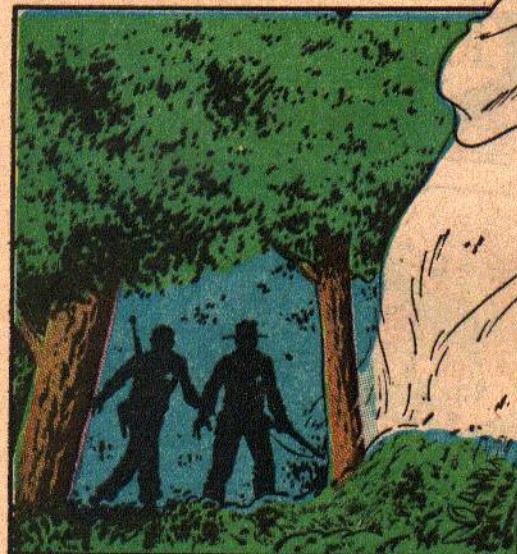
# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"HD, THE SHERIFF LOST NO TIME IN CONTACTING STATE OFFICIALS! MY RAY WAS A REAL BIG SHOT NOW!"

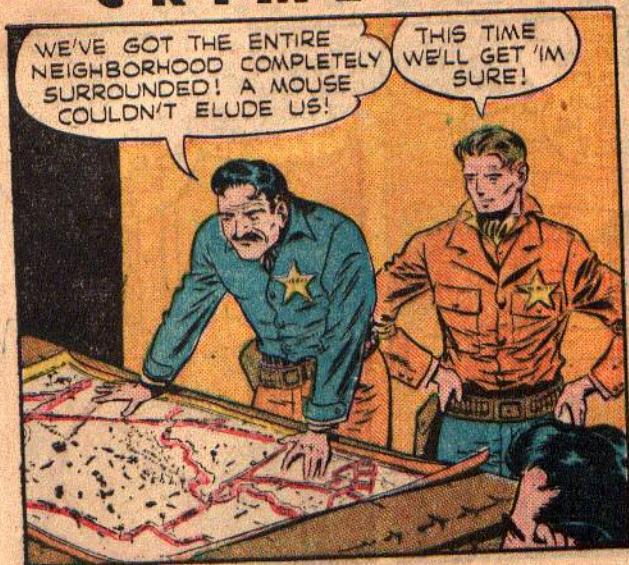
"ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF, WE'LL SEND YOU THIRTEEN MEN WITHIN TEN HOURS— ALSO FOUR MACHINE GUNS!"

FINE! AND I'LL BE SENDING YOU SUTHERLAND WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, DEAD OR ALIVE!"

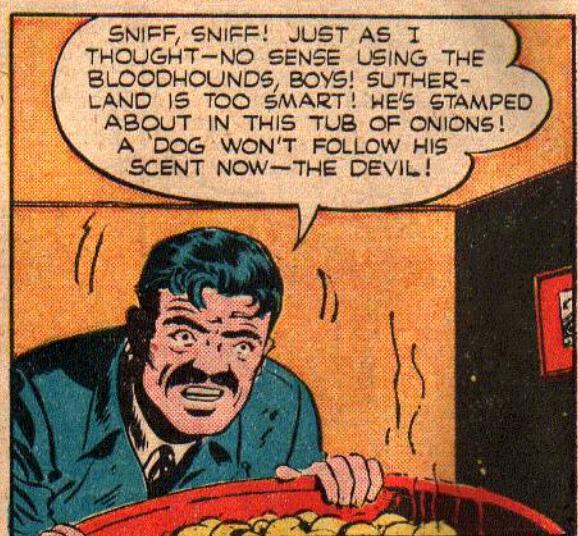
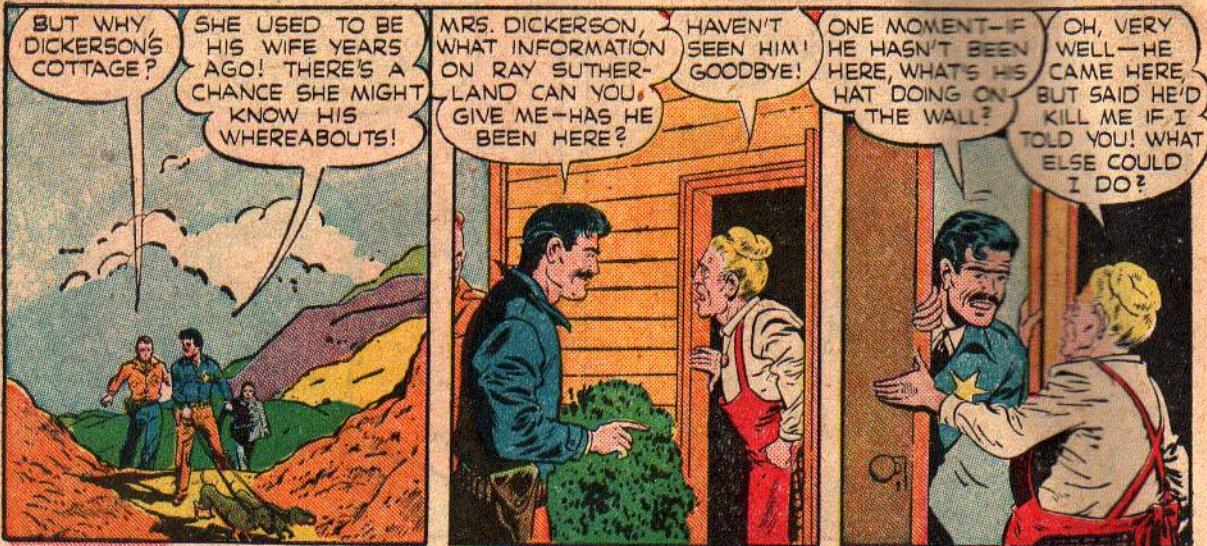
HEH, HEH, HEH! SUCH A PUSS! THE SHERIFF HAD OVER FIVE HUNDRED MEN SEARCHING FOR MY RAY! THE FOOLS—LITTLE DID THEY REALIZE WHAT THEY WERE IN FOR!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

HO, FOLKS!  
I'LL SHOW YOU  
WHAT HAPPENED!

"MY RAY NEEDED A BIT MORE CASH SO I  
ESCORTED HIM DOWNTOWN THROUGH THE  
POLICE NET."

COME  
ALONG, RAY!  
WE'LL FIND  
YOU SOME  
MONEY!

BAH! THEY  
CAN'T KEEP ME  
PENNED UP LIKE  
AN ANIMAL!

"SUDDENLY, RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES..."  
WELL, WHAT DO YA  
KNOW—A TRUCK  
LOAD OF DAMES!  
HA, HA! THEY SHOULD  
HAVE SOME CASH  
AMONG 'EM!

SURE, RAY!  
GO GET  
IT!

C'MON, LADIES, HAND  
OVER YER BAGS BEFORE.  
I MAKE YER HUSBANDS  
BACHELORS!

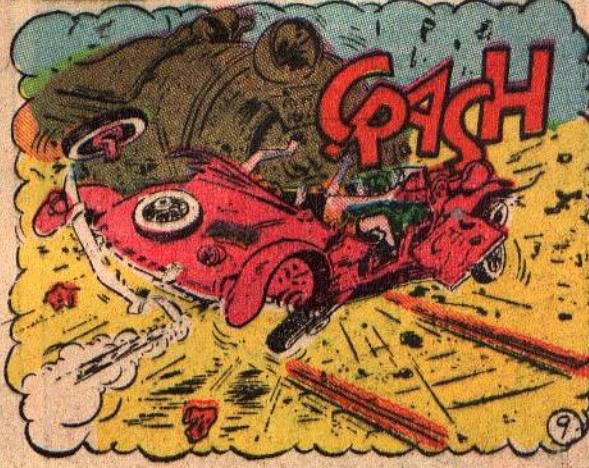
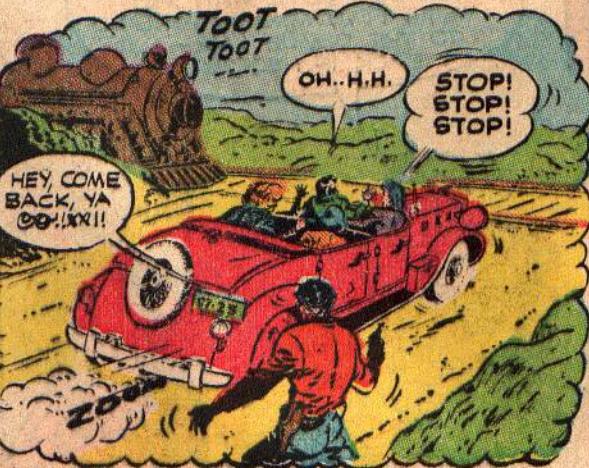
Y!!!!

A...A...  
HOLD-  
UP!

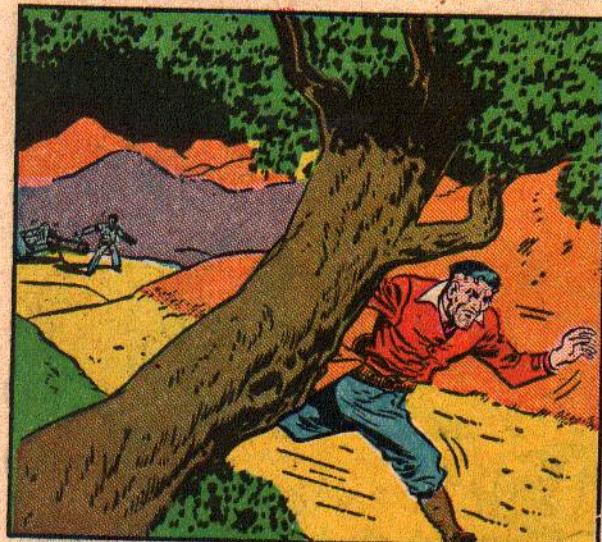
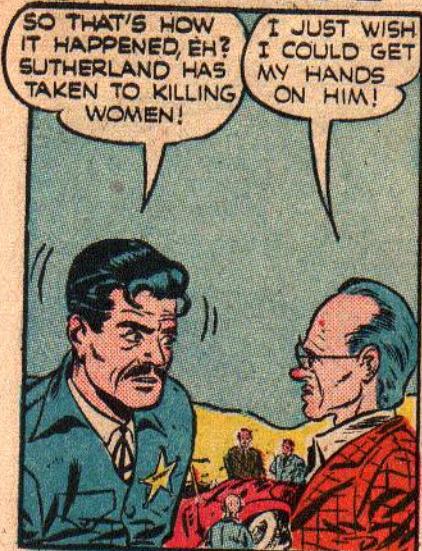
IT'S RAY  
SUTHERLAND—  
THE KILLER!

"SUDDENLY, AT THIS MOMENT, THE TRAIN CAME  
ROARING ALONG, AND THE FOOLISH FRIGHT-  
ENED DRIVER'S FOOT SLIPPED ON THE CLUTCH."

"HEH, HEH, IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT WATCH-  
ING THE CAR SMASH INTO A HUNDRED PIECES.  
RAY AND I REALLY ENJOYED IT!"

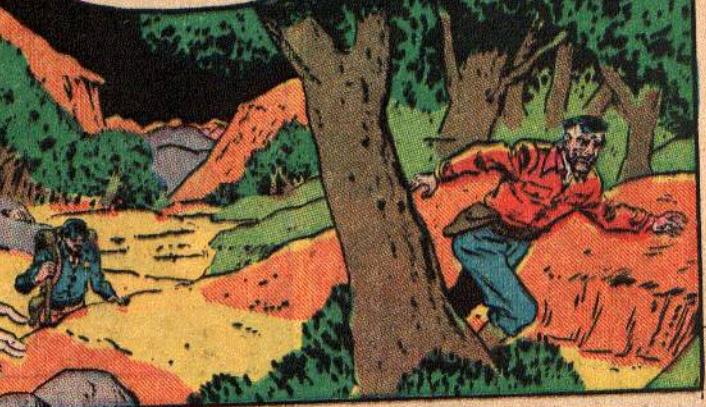
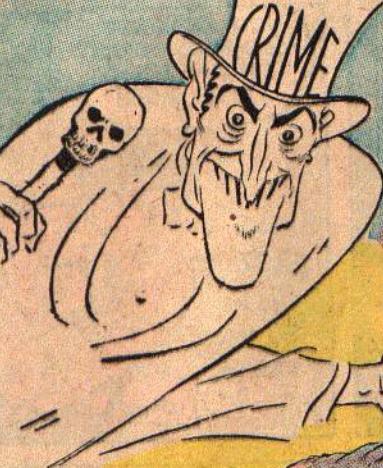


# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



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"HO, FOLKS, THIS WAS A THRILLING CHASE! BOTH MEN WERE WILD WITH RAGE AND THERE WAS NO TELLING WHICH WOULD KILL THE OTHER!"



"THE DAYS PASSED—MY RAY SLEEPING IN THE WOODS LIKE AN ANIMAL BY DAY, THE SHERIFF BECOMING WEAKER AND WEAKER!"

WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE? HE SEEMS TO BE TEASING US! EACH TIME WE FIND A TRAIL AND THEN SUDDENLY HE'S GONE!

OUR FOODS ARE RUNNING OUT! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM SOON!



"HO, BUT I HAD TO GIVE THE SHERIFF CREDIT. HE HAD PLENTY OF COURAGE, ALL RIGHT!"

I WON'T GO BACK! THE COUNTY ISN'T SAFE WITH THAT MAN LOOSE! IT'S MY DUTY TO DESTROY HIM!



"FINALLY, A WEEK LATER, THE SHERIFF FUMBLED ON SOMETHING THAT MADE MY BLOOD RUN COLD!"

GOOD LUCK! HE'S BUILT A FIRE HERE! IT'S STILL WARM—HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY!

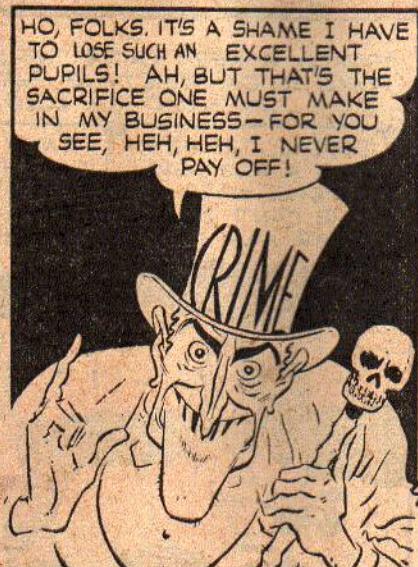
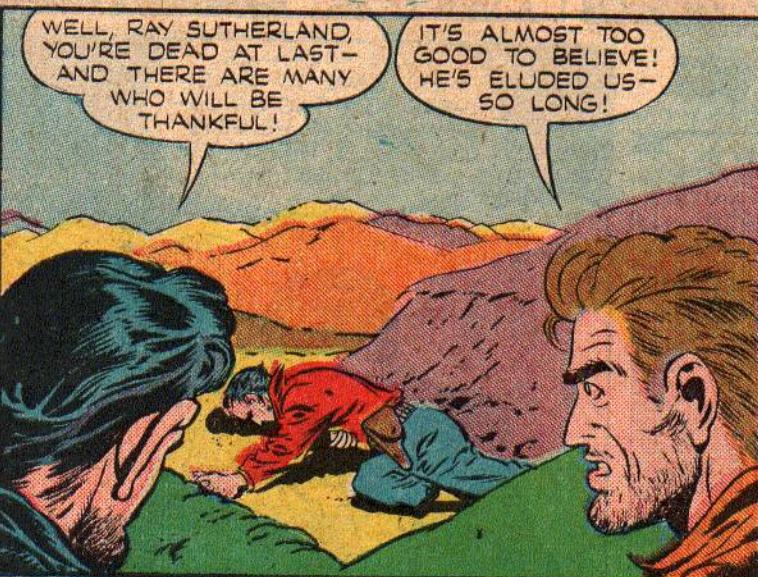
IT MAY BE A TRAP! HE'S PROBABLY HIDING—WAITING FOR US—TO WALK WITHIN RANGE!



THAT'S A CHANCE WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE! THERE ARE TWO OF US—REMEMBER, IF HE GETS ONE OF US, THE OTHER SHOULD GET HIM!



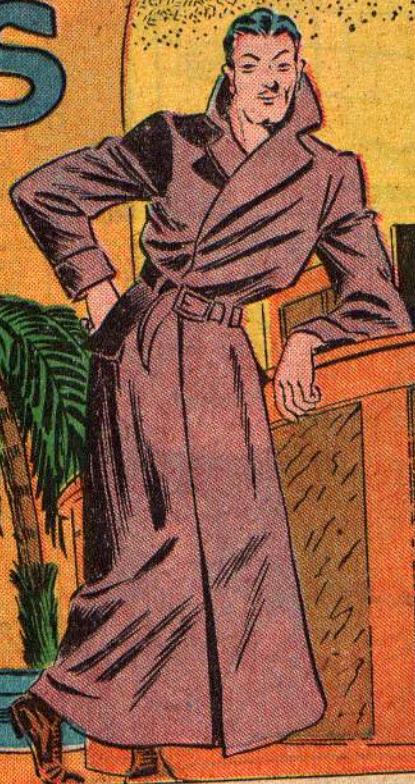
# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# The CASE of the MISSING PANTS

MEET OVERCOAT JOE, A  
SMOOTH BABY IN THE  
RACKETS, BUT NOT QUITE  
SLICK ENOUGH FOR OLD  
MAN JUSTICE!



LET'S SEE HOW THIS DAPPER DAN OPERATED.

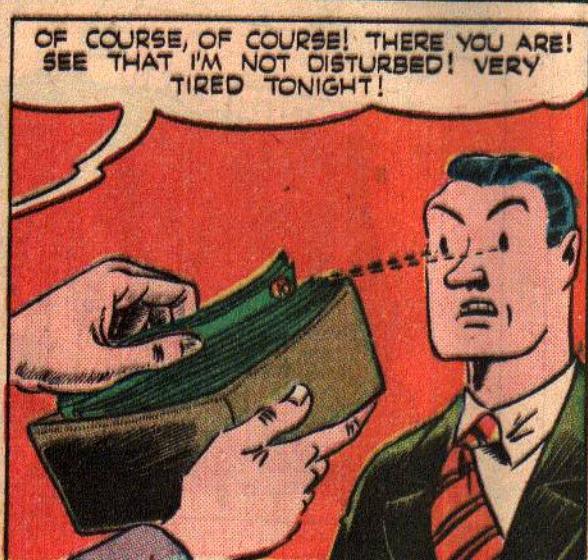
MY, MY, JOE OLD LAD, YOU DON'T LOOK A  
BIT OLDER THAN YOU DID LAST YEAR—  
AND YOU'VE DONE SO MUCH  
WORK, TOO!



AH, WELL, 'TIS 'ABOUT TIME  
I MADE MYSELF A FEW  
HUNDRED DOLLARS  
AGAIN!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

GOODBYE, DOUGH! SEE YOU AT HOME!

NOW TO GO INTO THE MAIN ROUTINE! SUCH A SYSTEM! AND SOME PEOPLE WORK FOR A LIVING!

NEXT MORNING...

YOUR BREAKFAST, SIR!

COME IN!

TAKE THE MONEY FROM MY WALLET ON THE BUREAU!

SORRY, SIR, THERE'S NO WALLET THERE!

NO? THEN IT MUST BE IN MY TROUSERS IN THE CLOSET! FETCH IT THERE!

THERE'S NO WALLET THERE, SIR! A...AND NO CLOTHES, EITHER!

WHAT?

AH, FRIENDS, PERHAPS YOU HAVE DISCOVERED OVERCOAT JOE'S TRICK BY NOW!

THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS GONE—AND MY BEAUTIFUL SUIT! I'LL SUE YOU!! THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!!

NOW, NOW! CALM YOURSELF, SIR! WE'LL DO EVERYTHING WE CAN!

# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



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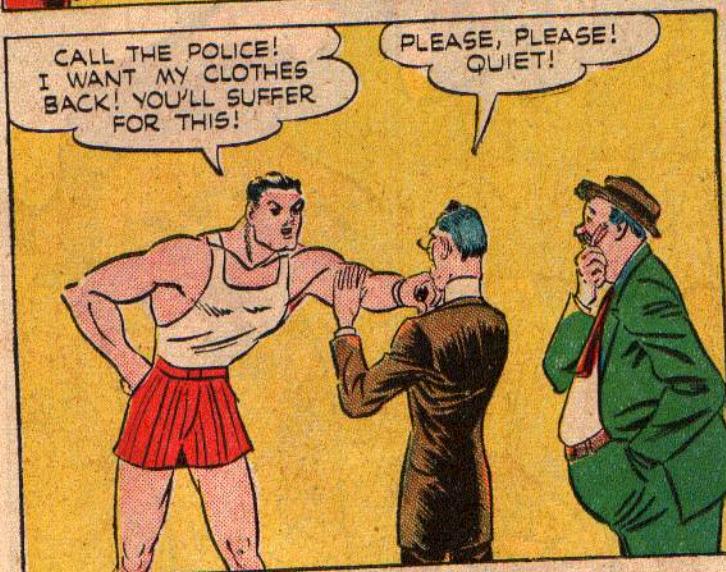
ONCE MORE CAME THE MORNING...

DEAR, DEAR, WE'LL BE DISGRACED! THEY'LL GET A NEW MANAGER!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? SOMETHING WRONG THIS MORNING?

I'LL SAY THERE IS! SOMEONE STOLE THE CLOTHES AND MONEY OF A VERY IMPORTANT GUEST! TOOK EVERYTHING! YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG!

IZZAT SO? MIGHTY BAD!



E-E-E-E-E!! CALL THE POLICE IS RIGHT! THIS BIRD'S A CROOK! HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY CLOTHES WHEN HE CAME INTO THE PLACE!

STOP! STOP! YOU MUST BE MAD!

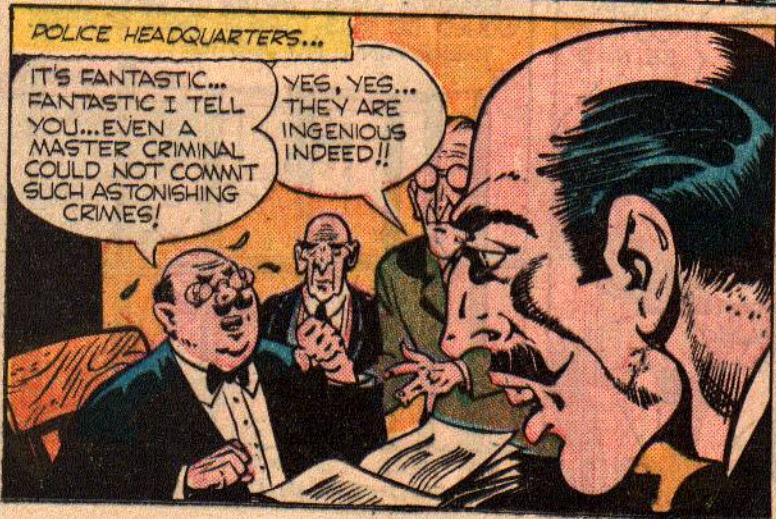
NOW WHO WOULD EVER THINK THE EXCLUSIVE BEARING CROSS HOTEL OF LONDON WOULD DO THIS TO ONE OF THEIR GUESTS! THERE AIN'T NO JUSTICE!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# BLONDE QUEEN OF CRIME

INTRODUCING THE BEAUTIFUL CASQUE D'OR, FEMALE GANG LEADER OF PARIS... FOR YEARS NONE KNEW OF HER GIGANTIC CRIMINAL NETWORK AND WELL INDEED DID SHE LEAD AND MANIPULATE HER KILL-CRAZED PUPPETS.... BUT THEN AN ASTONISHING THING HAPPENED AND HER CASTLES OF CRIME TOTTERED! ...COULD THE PARIS POLICE DEAL WITH THE MISTRESS OF MURDER...?

A  
TRUE  
STORY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



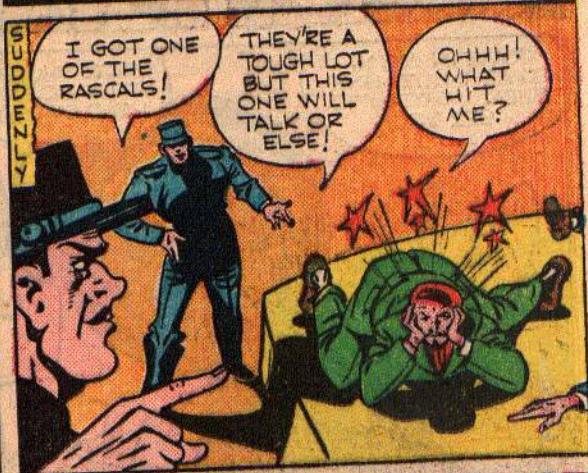
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LA POUTRE WAS SOON USHERED INTO CRIMINAL CIRCLES AND "PUT TO THE TEST"

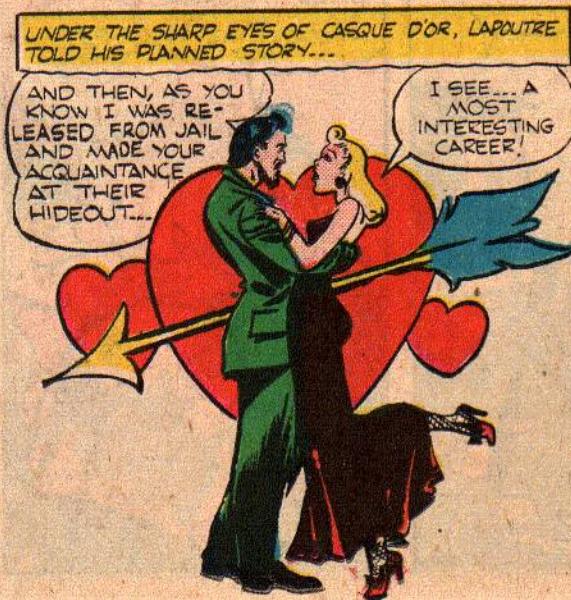
JEAN HE SEEKS TO BE A GOOD ADDITION TO OUR GROUP.... STILL TONIGHT AT THE ROBBERY WE CAN TELL BETTER!

HE WILL COME THROUGH FINE, HA-HA-- I HAVE SEEN HIM WORK!!

AND LAPOUTRE DID COME THROUGH FINE...



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

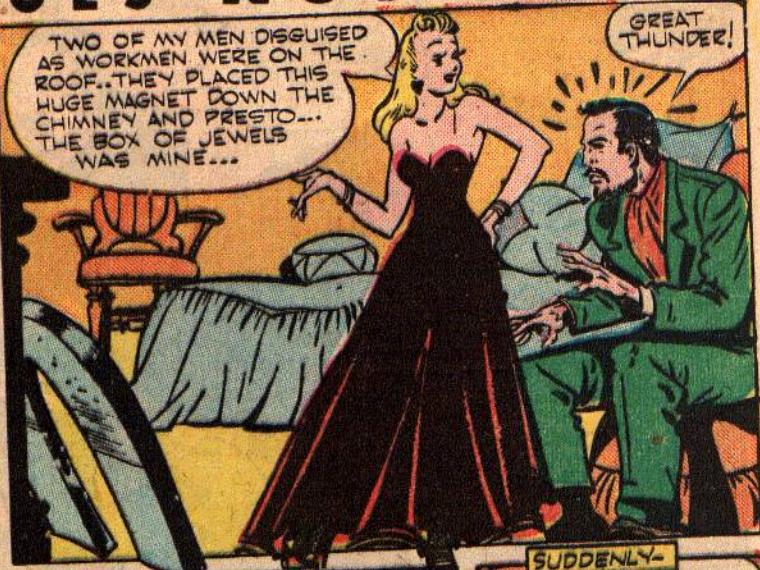
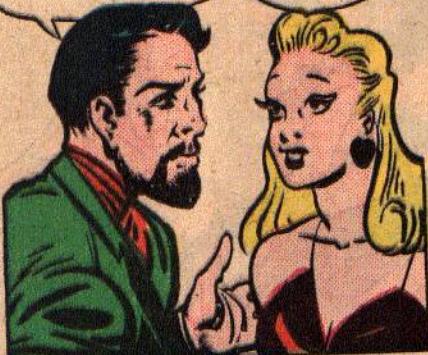
THE CAPTAIN SOON LEARNED MANY STARTLING THINGS...

TELL ME, DARLING.. HOW DID YOU PULL THE JEWEL ROBBERY WITH WINDOWS AND DOORS LOCKED!??

HA-HA THAT WAS QUITE SIMPLE, MY DEAR.

TWO OF MY MEN DISGUISED AS WORKMEN WERE ON THE ROOF.. THEY PLACED THIS HUGE MAGNET DOWN THE CHIMNEY AND PRESTO... THE BOX OF JEWELS WAS MINE...

GREAT THUNDER!

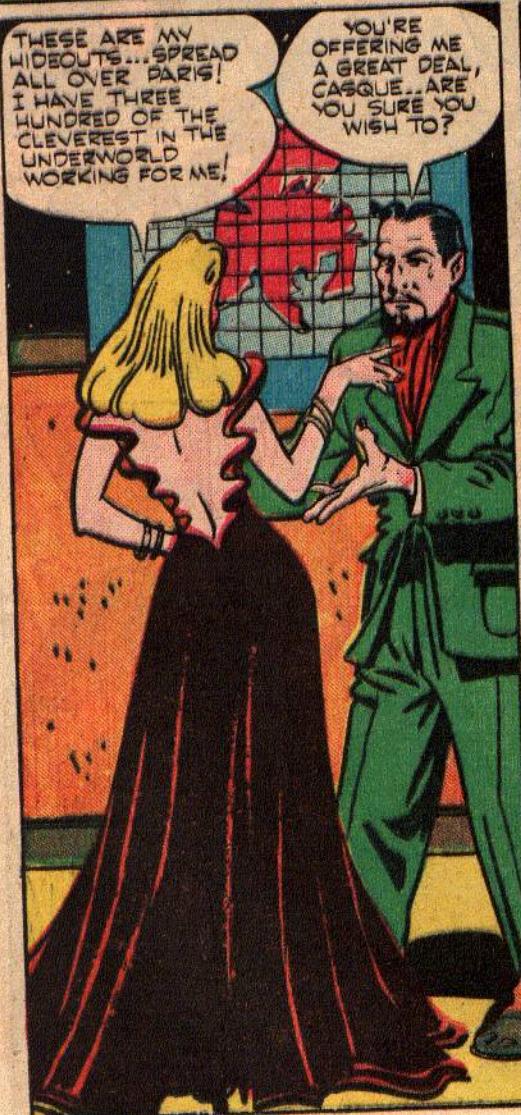


THESE ARE MY HIDEOUTS... SPREAD ALL OVER PARIS! I HAVE THREE HUNDRED OF THE CLEVEREST IN THE UNDERWORLD WORKING FOR ME!

YOU'RE OFFERING ME A GREAT DEAL, CASQUE.. ARE YOU SURE YOU WISH TO?

THERE IS NOTHING TOO WONDERFUL FOR THE MAN I LOVE!

SUDDENLY-



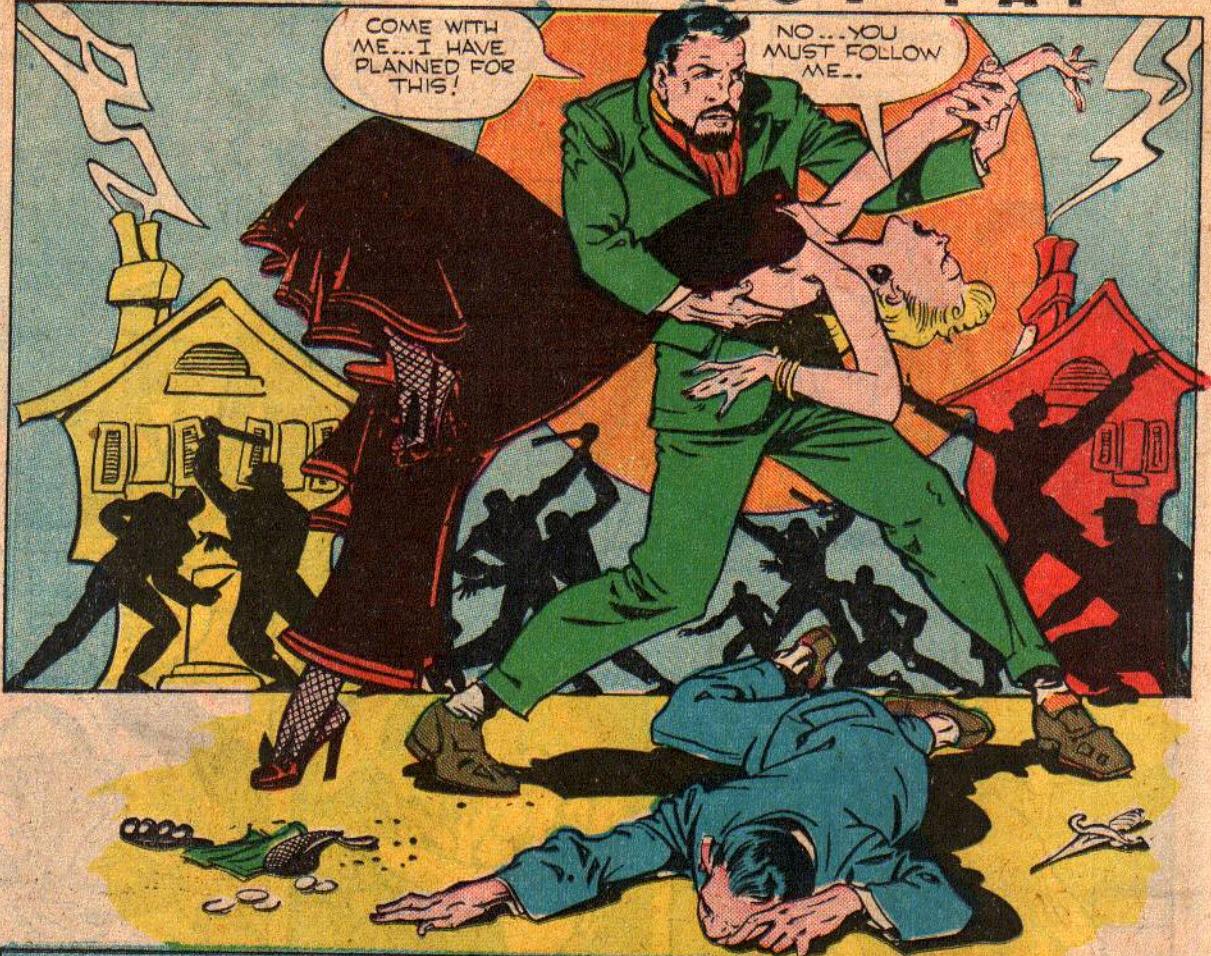
THIS IS THE SHOWDOWN -- I'LL TURN HER IN BEFORE ANYONE GETS HURT!

DARLING-DARLING-COME WITH ME... A SECRET EXIT!!

THE DOGS! IT IS NO MATTER-- HOW DID THEY DISCOVER US? MOST OF US SHALL ESCAPE--



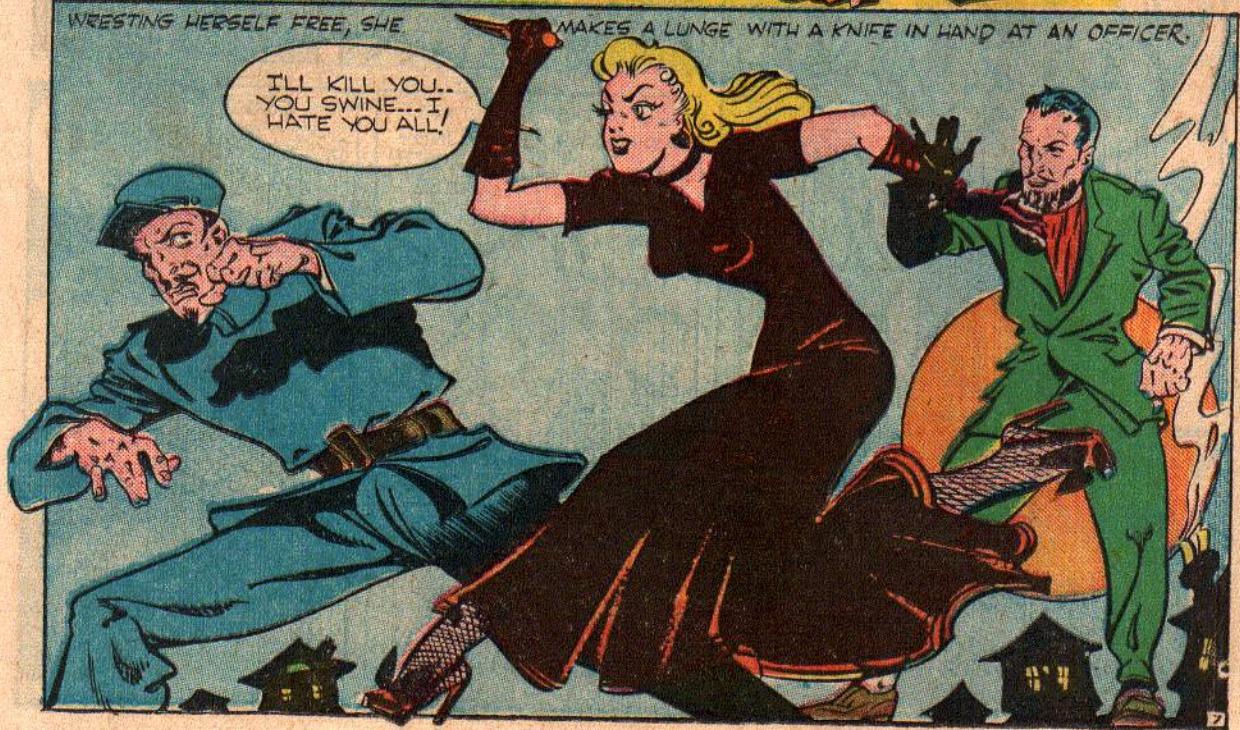
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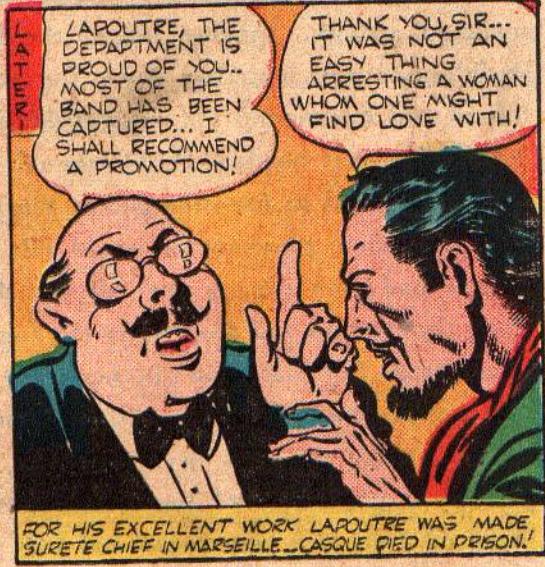
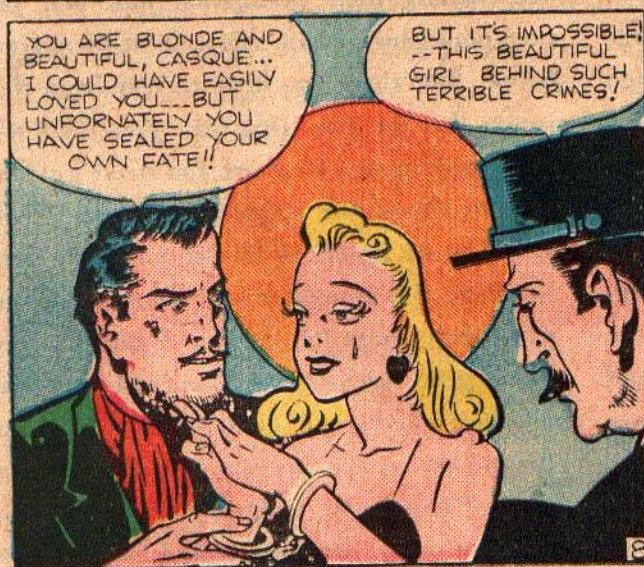
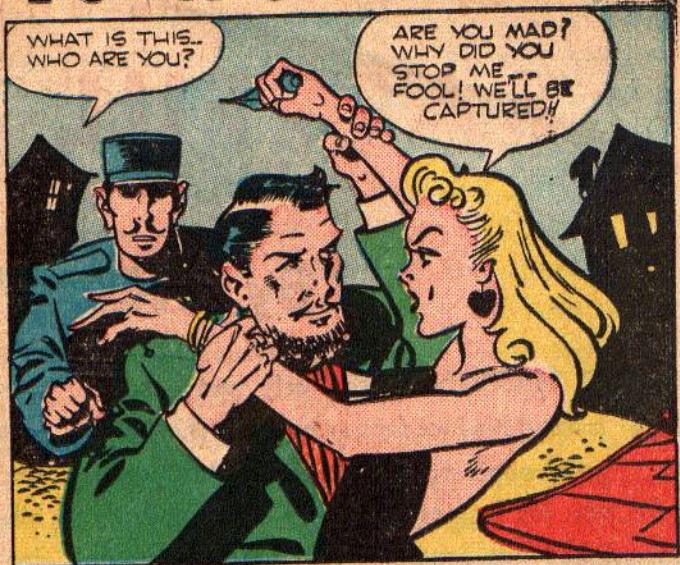
WRESTLING HERSELF FREE, SHE

MAKES A LUNGE WITH A KNIFE IN HAND AT AN OFFICER.

I'LL KILL YOU...  
YOU SWINE... I  
HATE YOU ALL!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# THE FATEFUL LETTER

By DICK WOOD

JOE MARVIN wrote freely and a smile crossed his face as he sat in the Army paratroop barracks. He was mighty happy for now his long training had ended and the word had just come through that they were shipping out. He had waited a long time to take his individual crack at the Japs and he could hardly restrain himself from telling his kid brother, Tom, all about it in the letter. But that would never do. No one was to know that his group was ready to swing from their silken chutes and smack the treacherous sons of Nippon. Joe contented himself with merely mentioning that Tom would not be hearing from him for awhile and not to worry.

Weeks later Joe stood on the broad beach-head of their captured Pacific island and watched with keen excitement the bustle of military activity. Further inland the huge bulldozers were battering down the rough island soil hammering out an airfield, from which the great bombers could take off, and more important to Joe—the gliders which he and his fellow paratroopers would fill. Jap planes had been coming over all day dropping their bombs and desperately strafing the beachhead. But that hadn't bothered Joe and his companions. They had strong airpower overhead and the Japs never dreamed that shortly a great fleet of paratroopers would take off from this very island and lash with

great fury at one of their strong bases many miles inland. Not realizing this, thought Joe, the Japs hadn't bothered to launch a serious all-out offensive against the island. How little Joe realized the tragic mistake he had made, in thinking thusly.

The next day at dawn all was in readiness. Joe snapped his parachute on and took his place in one of the long sleek gliders. How he wished Tom could be with him now—to take a seat beside him while the enemy, they both hated so much, was blasted into oblivion in this surprise attack.

One by one the huge ships slowly took to the air and winged eastward. This was a great day for Joe and he thrilled to the roar of the towing plane's motors in his ears. They were approaching their destination now and Jap pom pom guns spat up viciously at them from below. But there was little to fear from that source, for Joe knew that their great fleet was soon to swing in a large arc and strike a strong base in almost the opposite direction. There could be no tip-off of this attack from those watching the armada below. Now they were over their point of attack. From the first plane, grim faced fighters launched into space on their chutes and drifted like huge white flowers earthward. Joe was just about to leap when it happened. Suddenly from a hundred different points about the island machine guns

opened up and raked the skies above with a hellish barrage of lead. Paratroopers convulsed in their chutes and reached the ground dead. Scores of guns tore the sky with their shells blasting gliders into shreds before their crews could leap. Terror written across his face, Joe stepped out into the rushing air. Below him death and destruction rocked the island but there was no turning back now. Whatever had caused the terrible mistake in military planning could not be remedied now.

Down through the sea of bullets Joe fell—gritting his teeth, praying that he could hit the ground before one with his name on it came by. But he didn't. Scarcely fifty feet off the ground a sweeping fifty caliber machine gun cut in front of him. His body jerked once, twice . . . and then his head slumped forward and he hit the ground to remain still forever. Joe never would know that his brother Tom had been the cause of his death.

Tom Marvin didn't know that he had committed a crime. All he had done was to tell the fellows down at the bowling alley about his brother Joe's letter from camp. Why shouldn't he? They were all Joe's friends too. And all the letter said was that Tom wouldn't be hearing from Joe for awhile and not to worry. Naturally the fellows talked about that and what it meant. It was quite natural to assume that Joe and his paratroop outfit were on their way to active combat somewhere in the South Pacific. A couple of them told other friends about it . . . in Dave's diner . . . on the bus . . . in the crowd waiting to get into the movies Saturday night . . . and somewhere along the line an enemy agent overheard someone talking about Joe . . . and reported it to headquarters along with a dozen other bits of loose talk he had overheard. So now the Japs knew that a paratroop outfit was on the move

in the Pacific. That meant an attack somewhere, soon. They put this bit of information together with a lot of other little bits and pieces they had gathered patiently from all over the country . . . and with what they knew of the situation in the war zone . . . they figured out just where the attack was going to be . . . and when.

When Joe Marvin and other paratroopers drifted down out of the sky and were blasted to bits like so many clay pigeons they never dreamed that Joe's letter home had caused it. They would have thought it fantastic that Tom's mere mention of Joe's letter could cause thousands of Japs to build defenses, bring up scores of anti-aircraft guns and change their strategy for weeks. But that is what happened.

Army and Navy intelligence have done a good job cleaning out spies in this country . . . there are only a few of them left. And those few can't get into guarded rooms where secret plans are made. They can't sail on war cargo ships, or troop ships. But they can hang around bowling alleys and theatre lobbies. They can ride in crowded buses and trains. They can listen, listen, listen for little bits and snatches of loose talk that aren't important in themselves, but are important when fitted together with other little seemingly unimportant bits. . . . Important to the enemy because little facts about the war may reveal big war plans and defeat them.

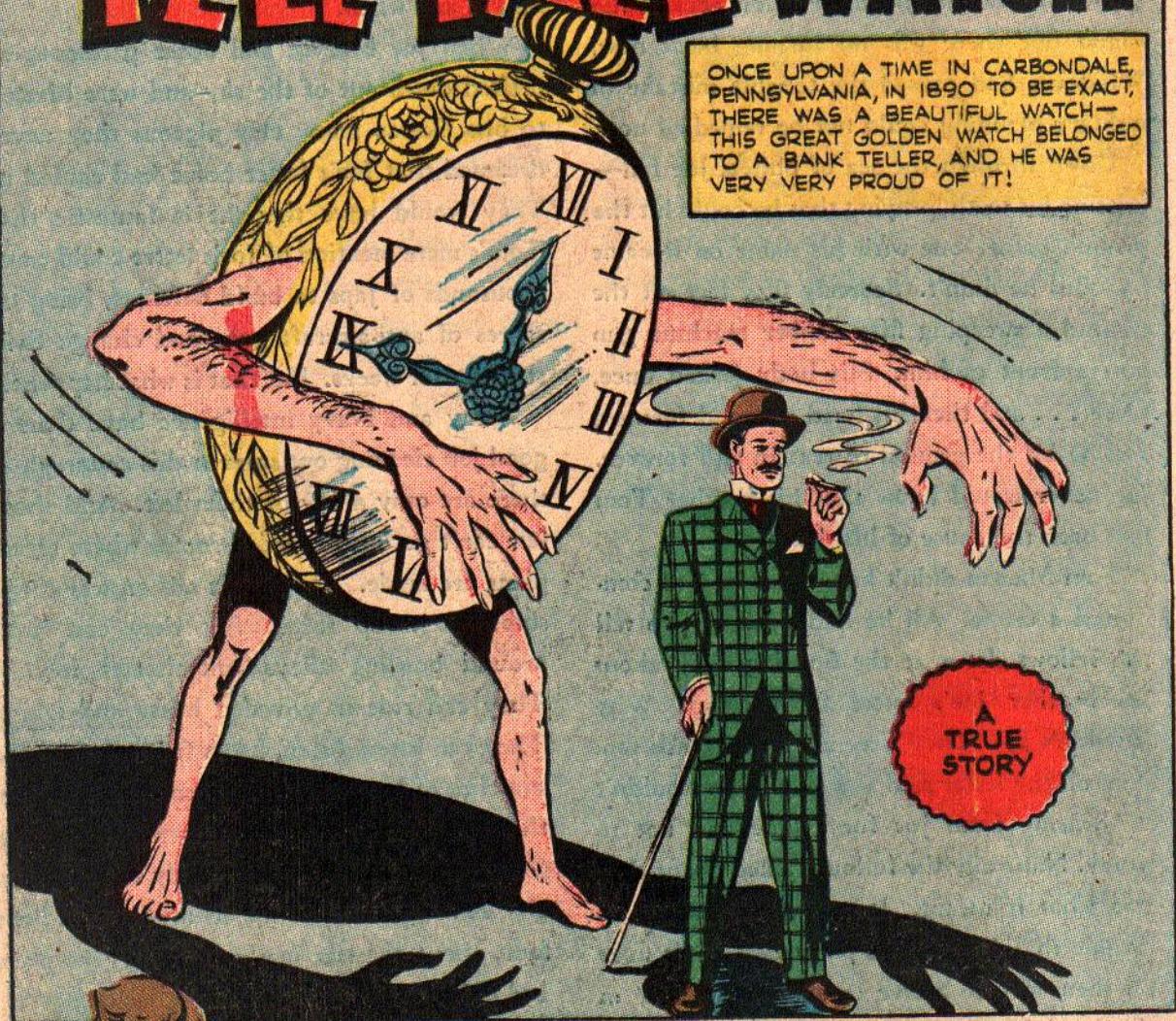
ADMIRAL ERNEST J. KING, Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet says: "Keeping quiet about bits of information that may seem unimportant is going to be quite a job for us. But when you think of what could happen if we don't . . . it shouldn't be too hard. And all of us in the services are depending on YOU TO THINK BEFORE YOU TALK."

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# the CASE OF THE TELL-TALE WATCH

ONCE UPON A TIME IN CARBONDALE, PENNSYLVANIA, IN 1890 TO BE EXACT, THERE WAS A BEAUTIFUL WATCH—THIS GREAT GOLDEN WATCH BELONGED TO A BANK TELLER, AND HE WAS VERY VERY PROUD OF IT!

A  
TRUE  
STORY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

NOW, CARBONDALE WAS A SMALL TOWN—THERE WERE ONLY SEVEN POLICE OFFICERS—AND OF COURSE, THEY DIDN'T WANT TO MISS THE FIGHTS EITHER!

WOW! THAT BOXING TONITE SHOULD REALLY BE SOMETHING! WHO'S RUNNING IT?

MR McGOWAN IS BEHIND THINGS! HE'S ONE OF THE SMARTEST MEN IN CARBONDALE!

WELL, LET'S LOOK IN ON THIS SMART BUSINESS MAN, MR. MCGOWAN...

ENJOY THE FIGHTS DEAR! I'LL BE BACK LATE TONIGHT!

IT'S A SHAME YOU HAVE BUSINESS THE VERY EVENING THE BOXING MATCHES YOU SPONSORED ARE GOING ON!

BOXING TONITE  
75 ROUNDS



WELL, THAT'S LIFE! THE TOWNSFOLK WILL ENJOY THEMSELVES ANYWAY! GOODNIGHT!



ALL SET?

RIGHT! LET'S HEAD UPTOWN!

THE FIGHTS ARE JUST STARTING! WE'LL WAIT ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES TO BE SURE!

MCGOWAN, YOU'RE A GENIUS! EVERY COP IN TOWN WILL BE THERE—THERE WON'T BE A SOUL TO SEE US!



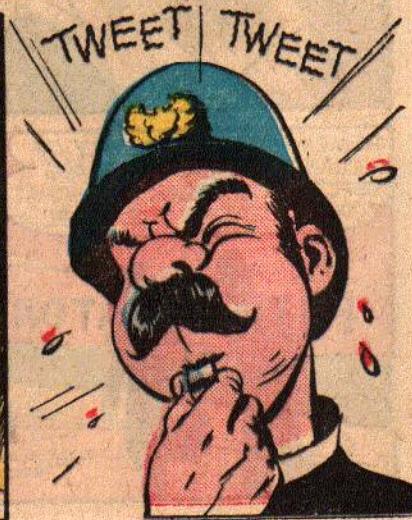
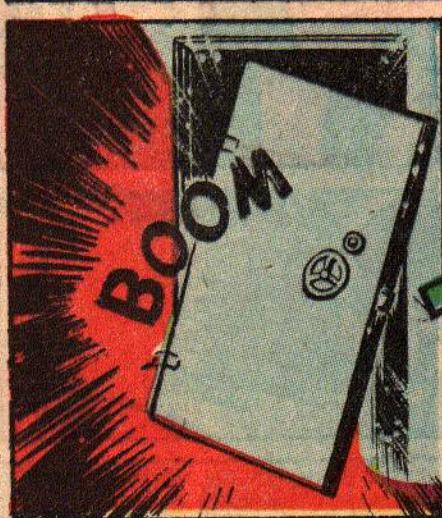
REMEMBER—PUT PLENTY OF MOLASSES OVER THE GLASS BEFORE YOU BREAK IT IN—THAT WILL DEADEN THE NOISE!

SURE THING! THERE'S NO ONE AROUND TOWN TO HEAR THE NOISE NOW, ANYWAY!

FOR STATOR



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE TOWN WAS HORRIFIED—AND THE POLICE WERE HUMILIATED!

WE'RE A BUNCH OF BLASTED FOOLS!  
WHILE WE WHISTLED AND SHOUTED AT  
THE BOXING MATCHES, THEM CROOKS  
CALMLY BLEW THEMSELVES TO  
FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN  
A BAND OF OUTSIDE  
MOBTERS! EVERY-  
ONE WAS AT  
THE FIGHTS!

A LOWDOWN  
TRICK TO KILL  
THE FIRST FUN  
WE'VE HAD IN  
CARBONDALE  
IN AGES!



AND OF COURSE THE HONORABLE  
MR. MCGOWAN PLAYED HIS PART WELL.

THE BRILLIANT POLICE OF OUR  
TOWN WILL RUN THESE CULPRITS  
DOWN! I VOW IT!



MY, MY, WHAT A TAKE! WHAT'S THIS—  
A GOLD WATCH! HMM...MUST HAVE  
BELONGED TO ONE OF THE TELLERS.  
OH, WELL, IT MAY COME IN  
HANDY SOME DAY!

...BUT WAIT—FATE IS CREEPING UP ON OUR CLEVER  
MR. MCGOWAN....

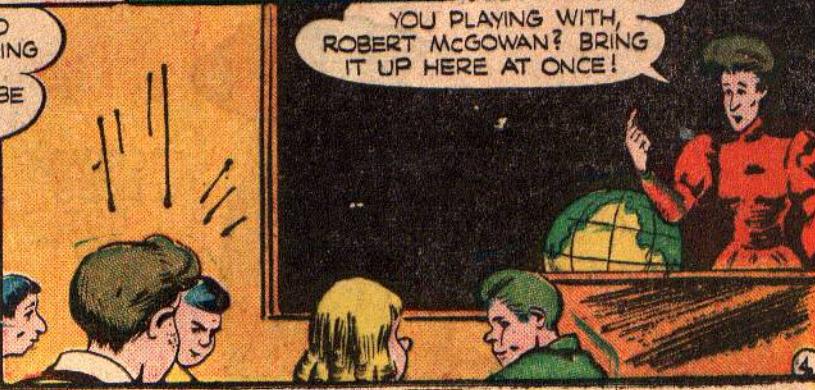


WHILE AT HOME HE HAD AN  
ENTIRELY DIFFERENT VIEW!

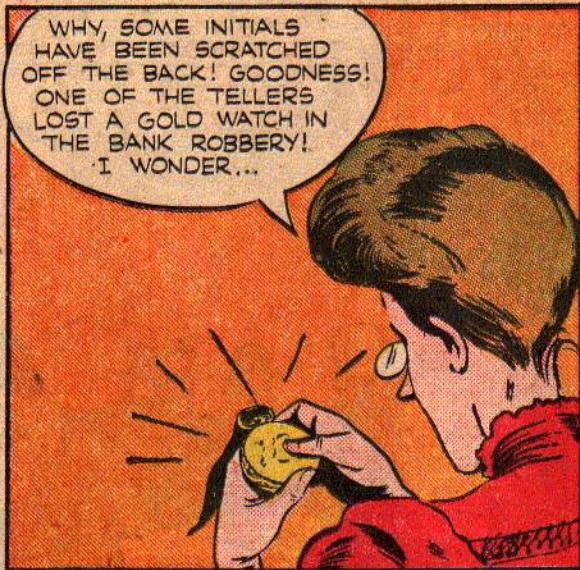
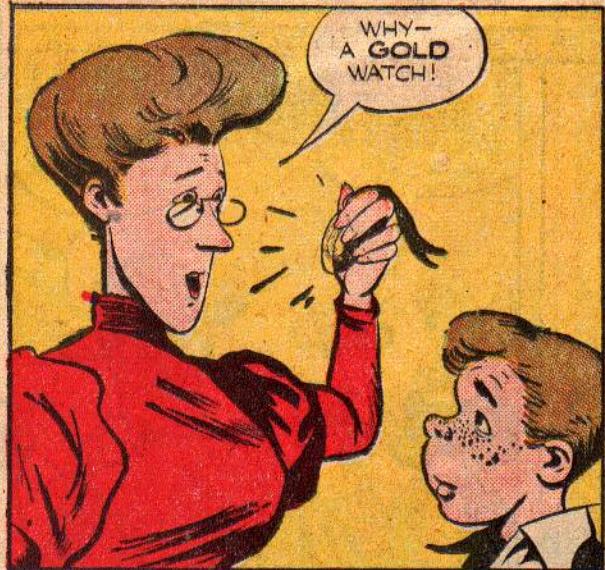
AND AT SCHOOL THE LITTLE FLAW WIDENED IN  
MCGOWAN'S DEFENSE

JUST WHAT ARE

YOU PLAYING WITH,  
ROBERT MCGOWAN? BRING  
IT UP HERE AT ONCE!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# the CRIME of TERRY ALMODOVAR

HUH...WHAT'S THAT.....  
WHY YOU OLD GOAT.  
DON'T THREATEN ME..  
I'M TERRY ALMODOVAR,  
I'VE GOT BRAINS....  
HA, HA! I'M NO COMMON  
KILLER...I'VE GOT  
TECHNIQUE...SURE THAT'S  
IT...TECHNIQUE...WAIT  
AND SEE, NO ONE WILL  
EVER PROVE IT!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY  
WITH IT, TERRY...AS SURELY  
AS YOU ARE STANDING  
THERE NOW...YOU SHALL  
DIE IF YOU COMMIT THIS  
MURDER!!



HARSH TALK FOR A YOUNG FELLOW, EH!....  
LET'S LOOK INTO TERRY'S SO CALLED  
"TECHNIQUE" A LITTLE MORE.....

HERE COMES  
THE GLAMOUR BOY  
HIMSELF!!

IT'LL BE A GREAT NIGHT  
FOR THE GALS....BUT  
HE BETTER STAY AWAY  
FROM MINE!!

YEAH, MINE  
TOO...I COULD  
PUSH THAT PRETTY  
FACE INTO A NICE  
MUD PILE WITH  
A LITTLE EXERCISE!

THERE'S SOMETHING  
PHONEY ABOUT  
ANYONE THAT CAN  
DANCE LIKE THAT  
BIRD..... HE'S TOO  
SMOOTH FOR MY  
DOUGH!!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

TERRY YOU DARLING....WHY DIDN'T YOU COME LAST NIGHT?

BUSY, SUGAR... BUT SKIP IT, YOU'VE GOT MY SHOULDER TO LEAN ON NOW!!

OH-H-H, YOU RHUMBA DIVINELY M-M-M-M!

WITH YOU, BIG EYES, EVEN A GORILLA COULD SWING A MEAN HIP!!



THAT LITTLE SNEAK, DOTTIE, ... SHE SNATCHED HIM AWAY BEFORE I COULD EVEN MAKE A MOVE ... I'LL GET HER!!

OH PARDON ME, DEAR DOTTIE!

WHAT THE SAM HILL!

YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE ... YOU LITTLE WRETCH ... I'LL...

TAKE MY MAN, WILL YOU.... WELL, TAKE THAT!!

TSK-TSK!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

I GOTTA DO SOMETHING  
ABOUT THAT WIFE OF MINE  
.... SHE'S SURE INTERFERING  
WITH MY CLUB LIFE!!

BUT I GOTTA BE  
SMART.... ANYBODY CAN  
KILL A GAL... BUT TO DO  
IT QUICKLY..EASILY....  
THAT'S THE TRICK!

AND I THINK I KNOW JUST  
THE WAY... YEAH, A WAY THE  
COPS COULD NEVER PIN IT  
ON ME.... OF COURSE IT  
NEEDS A LOT OF PATIENCE  
.... I'LL JUST WAIT A WHILE  
AND THEN...



DO IT!

DAYS LATER

IT WAS NICE OF YOU  
TO CALL TO TAKE  
ME FOR A WALK,  
TERRY.... HOPE WE  
CAN GET ALONG  
BETTER NOW!!

YOU BET, LOUISE  
.... EVERYTHING  
WILL BE LOVEY  
DOVEY FROM  
NOW ON!!



LET'S CUT  
THRU HERE,  
KID.... IT'S  
PRETTY!!

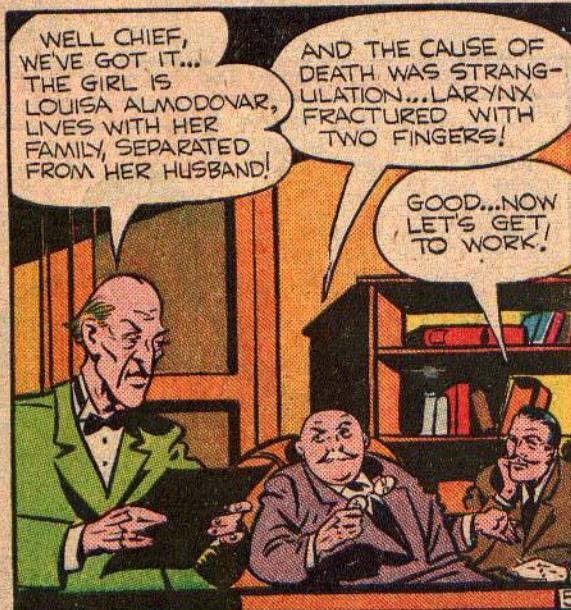
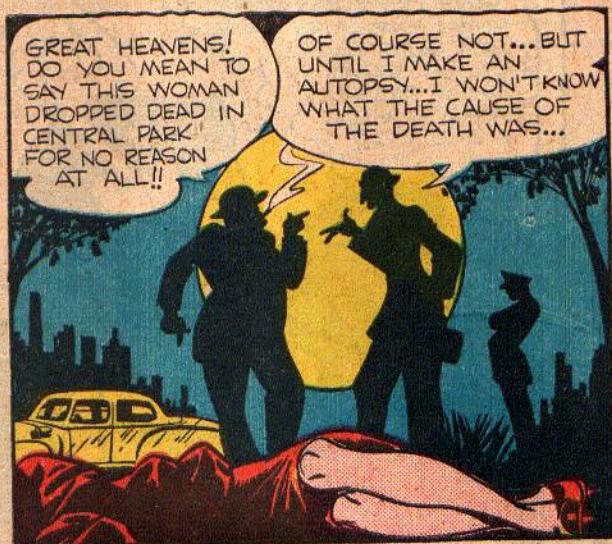
OH... THIS IS  
NICE.... YOU'RE  
YOUR OLD SELF  
AGAIN!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

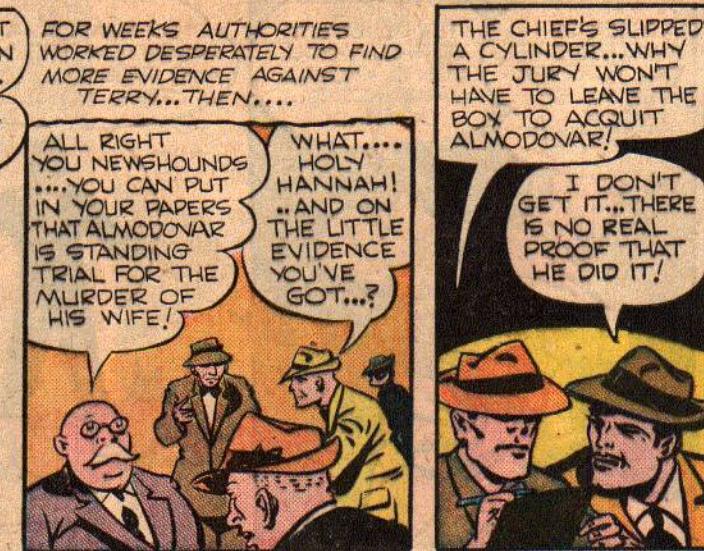


TWELVE HOURS LATER... ENTER THE POLICE....



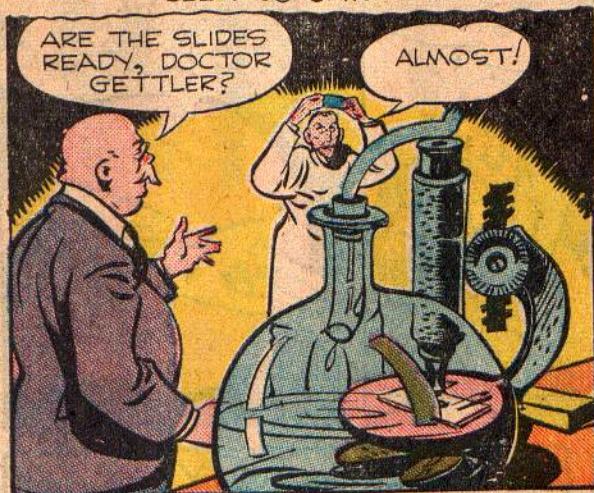
# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE POLICE DID GET TO WORK...



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BUT HAD TERRY SEEN WHAT WAS GOING ON BEHIND THE SCENES HE MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN SO GAY...



YOUR REVELATIONS HAVE BEEN STARTLING, DOCTOR... I'M SURE THE PEOPLE THAT ARE INTERESTED IN THIS TRIAL WILL BE GREATLY SURPRISED!

TOGETHER WITH OUR OTHER FINDS... THERE SHOULD BE NO DOUBT ABOUT THE OUTCOME!



AT THE TIME OF THE TRIAL ALMODOVAR WAS CONFIDENT...



SLOWLY THE TRIAL MOVES ALONG... ALL EVIDENCE IS WEAK... TERRY SMILES... JUSTICE FROWNS...



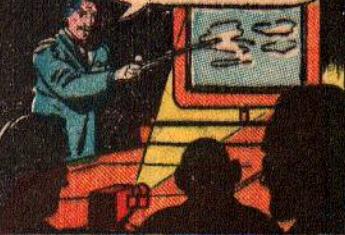
# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BEFORE THE EYES OF THE STARTLED JURY, THE DOCTOR AND PROFESSOR TAKE THE STAND....

THIS DIRT TAKEN FROM THE CUFF OF THE DEFENDANT'S TROUSERS, SHOWN ON THE SPECTROGRAPH IS IDENTICAL TO THE SAME DIRT AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!

THESE SEEDS ARE FOUND ONLY IN CENTRAL PARK! FROM THEIR GROWTH, THEY COULD NOT BE MORE THAN THREE WEEKS OLD!

...AND GENTLEMEN THESE SEEDS WERE FOUND IN THE DEFENDANT'S TROUSER CUFF...THE MAN WHO HAS NOT BEEN IN CENTRAL PARK IN TWO YEARS!



WOW! WHAT A STORY.... HIS GOOSE IS COOKED!

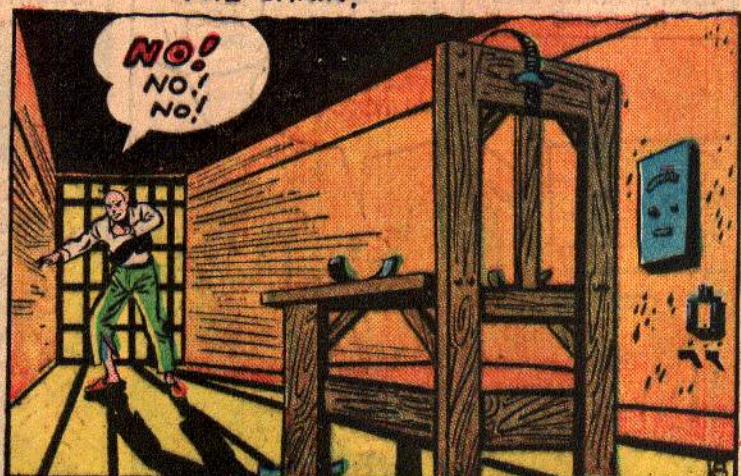
I'LL SAY!

IT'S A LIE... YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME... BLAST THE SEEDS AND THE DIRT!

WAIT AND SEE, FRESH KID!!



AND THUS IT WAS THAT ANOTHER KILLER WITH THE  
WOULD-BE PERFECT CRIME TECHNIQUE FACES.....  
THE CHAIR!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# WHO DUNNIT

OR THE CASE OF THE  
MAD MIDGET

IT'S HAPPENING!!  
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!! I'LL  
BE RUINED!! BUT ... IT IS  
HAPPENING TO ME!!!  
HA HA HA HA!!!

SEE IF YOU CAN  
SOLVE THIS CASE...  
SEE IF YOU CAN  
DISCOVER  
WHODUNNIT  
AND...  
HOW?

FROM THE  
CRIME  
NOTEBOOK  
of  
DICK  
BREWER

This actually happened...  
There was a very successful midget. He was mighty prosperous because he was mighty small...



...but one day he came down with some kind of illness and he was confined to bed.



...and lo and behold, his illness effected a great change -- for he grew to be six feet tall!!



# 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY

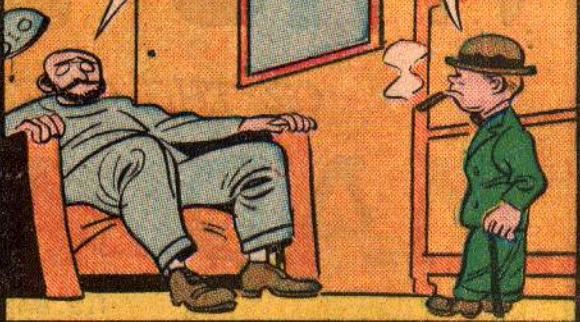
That incident really did occur! But when Midge, the smallest midget in show business heard about it, he just laughed it off, like this:

HA HA! WHAT A GAG!! HOW COULD A GUY LIKE ME GROW TO BE A SIX-FOOTER?? BOSH!

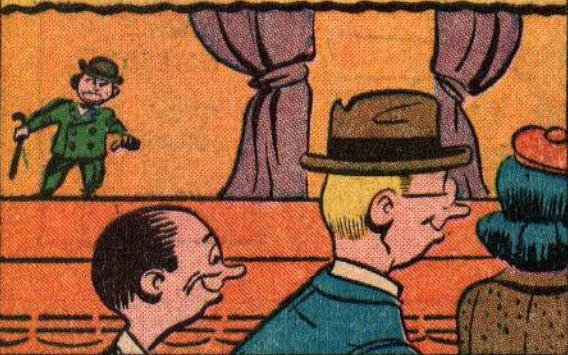


YES, MIDGE, IT'S AUTHENTIC. THERE ARE MANY CASES WHERE MIDGETS HAVE GROWN SUDDENLY, AND THEIR CONTRACTS WERE CANCELED.

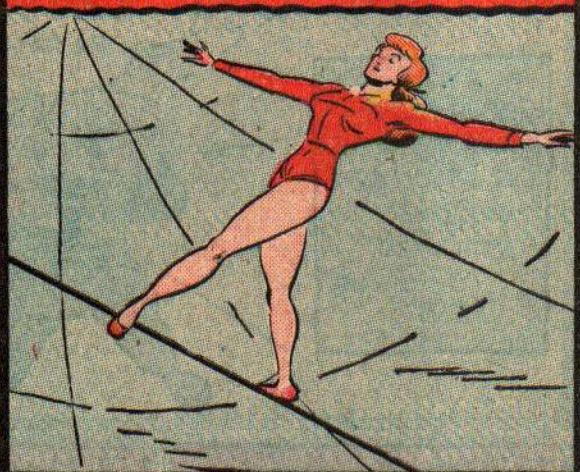
DOC, IS THAT STRAIGHT? Y'MEAN I GOTTA WORRY ABOUT GROWIN' NOW ?? GOSH!



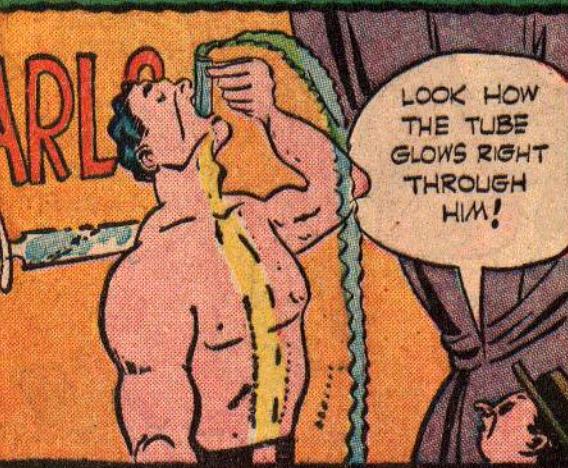
Well, Midge is quite an attraction at the carnival, until he finds the crowds wandering away from him to watch the other performers....



...like SANDRA THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER...



...and CARLO THE SWORD AND NEON TUBE SWALLOWER ...



...and MYSTO THE MAGICIAN, WHOSE SAWING-A-WOMAN-IN-HALF ACT CREATES QUITE A SENSATION ...



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

AND OF COURSE, MIDGE DOESN'T LIKE THE DECLINE IN HIS POPULARITY.

I'LL DO SOMETHING TO QUEER THEIR ACTS! THEN ONCE AGAIN I'LL BE THE HIT OF THE SHOW!

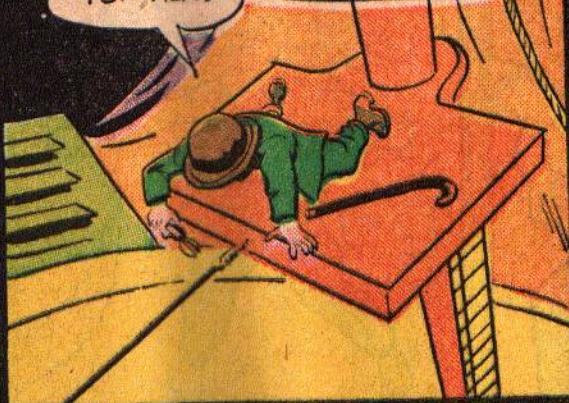


SO AFTER CLOSING TIME ONE NIGHT, MIDGE HANGS AROUND, A DEVILISH SCHEME BREWING IN HIS BLACK BRAIN.

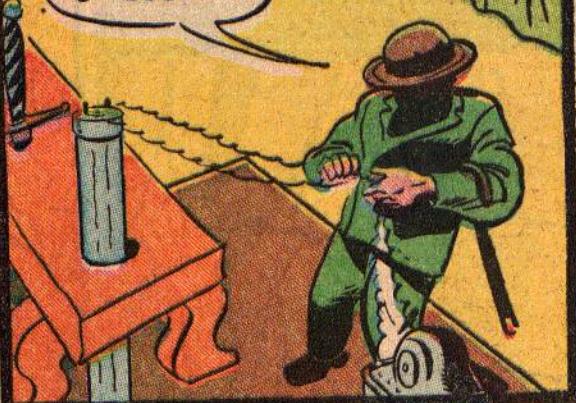
YES SIR--I'LL DO SOMETHING, AND THIS IS THE TIME. SANDRA, CARLO, MYSTO--BAD LUCK IS GOING TO BEFALL YOU!!



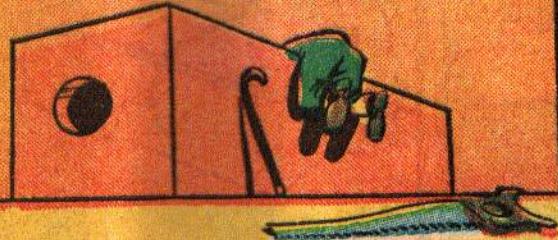
CUTTING THROUGH A FEW STRANDS OF SANDRA'S WIRE WILL NOT BE HEALTHY FOR HER.



CROSSING WIRES ON CARLO'S NEON TUBE WILL FIX HIM UP GOOD.



AND TAMPERING WITH MYSTO'S BOX AND SAW WILL PROVE MOST UNCOMFORTABLE FOR THE GAL IN THE BOX WHEN HE SAWS.



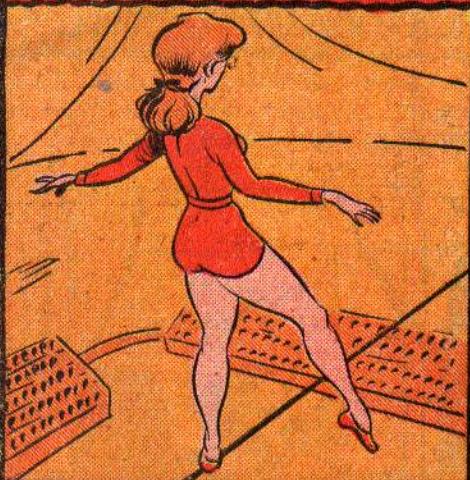
SAY, MIDGE! YOU STILL HERE? GO ON HOME AND GET SOME SLEEP. MAYBE IT'LL MAKE YOU GROW!

GROW!!?? WHATAYA TRYIN' TO DO, JINX ME? I'M NOT GONNA GROW!

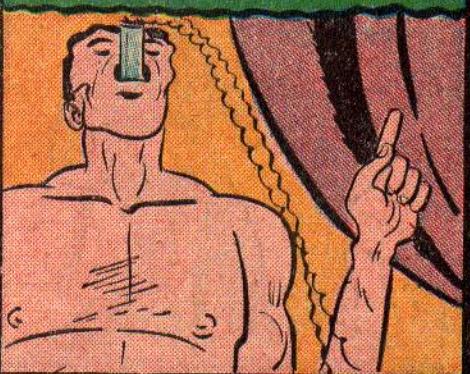


# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

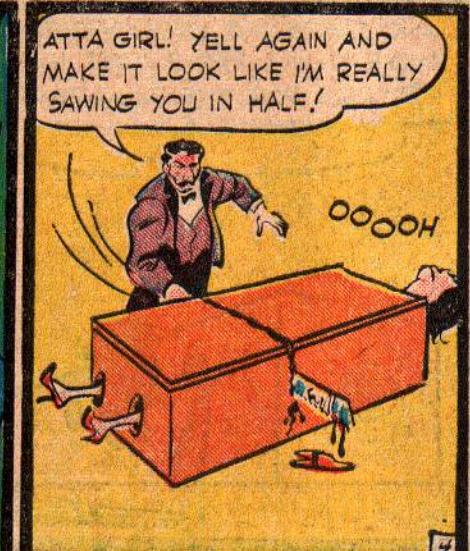
Well, things go exactly as Midge figured. Next day...



Carlo plunges a neon tube down his stomach and gives the signal for the light to be switched on.



And MYSTO starts his act...



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE NET RESULTS OF MIDGE'S SCHEME ARE AS FOLLOWS:  
SANDRA IS CRIPPLED FOR LIFE.



CARLO IS IN THE HOSPITAL,  
SLOWLY DYING OF INTERNAL EXPLOSIONS.



...AND HELENA, THE GIRL WHO WAS SAWED, WON'T FEEL TOO GOOD FOR THE REST OF HER DAYS.



THE JANITOR, WHO SAW MIDGE THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MISHAPS HAS A THEORY..

..NOW I KNOW THOSE SHADOWS I SAW AT SANDRA'S WIRE AND CARLO'S NEON TUBES AND YOUR BOX BELONG TO MIDGE. I SAY THOSE WERE NO ACCIDENTS... THEY WERE PLANNED BY THAT MIDGET DEVIL!



WE ALL HAVE BEEN RUINED PROFESSIONALLY AND YOU PHYSICALLY. WE CAN'T DEFINITELY ACCUSE MIDGE, BUT WE'LL PUT THE HEAT ON HIM. I WILL SAY THAT IF WE WERE CERTAIN HE WAS THE CAUSE

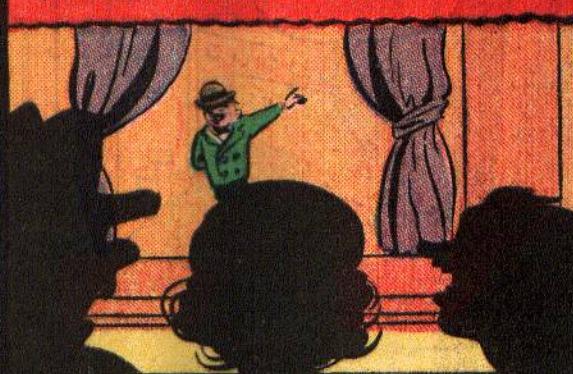
OF THE TRAGEDY..

THEN THERE WOULD BE NONE OF US WHO WOULD NOT KILL HIM OUTRIGHT.



NOW OUR PLOT THICKENS. EACH HAS A GOOD REASON TO KILL MIDGE.

Well, with his rivals out of the way, Midge once again enjoys the high spot of the show.

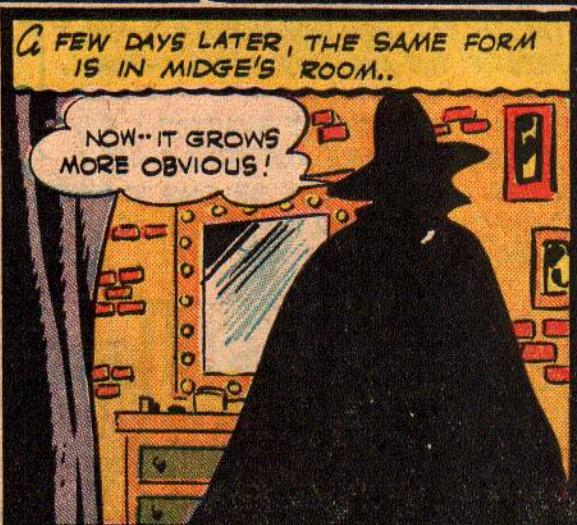
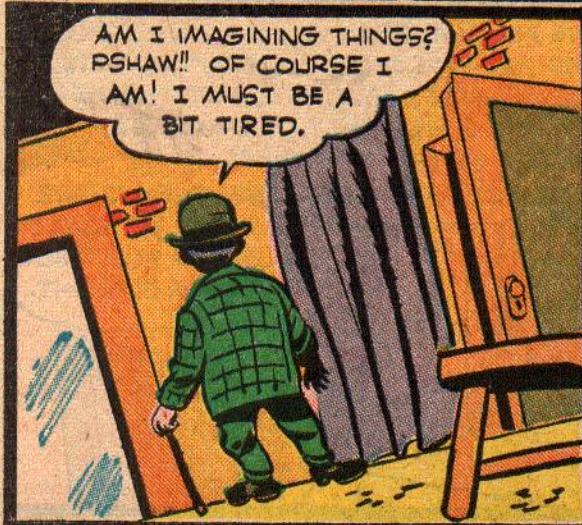
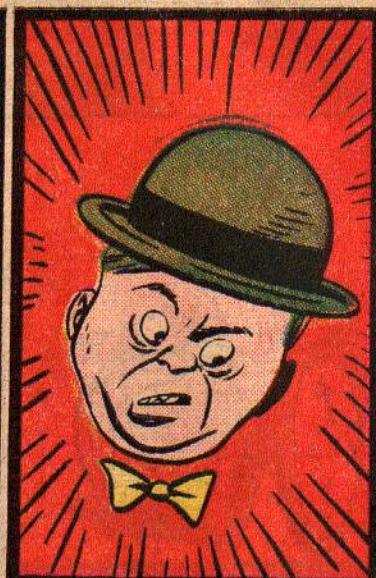


IN MIDGE'S DRESSING ROOM, THERE IS A CLOAKED FIGURE..

IT IS THE BEGINNING!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

Midge RETURNS TO HIS ROOM AND DRESSES.

NO! NO! NOW I'M SURE OF IT!!!



WHY, HELLO, MIDGE! HOW'S TRICKS? JUST DROPPED BACK TO SEE THE BOSS. SURE TOUGH TRYING TO GET WORK AFTER... AFTER THAT...

...AFTER YOU MESSED UP THAT TRICK? WHAT D'Y' EXPECT?



NOW I KNOW WHAT IT IS! YOU'RE TALLER! YOU'RE GROWING!!!



SAY, MIDGE--YOU LOOK WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING--AND YOU LOOK DIFFERENT--CHANGED. ANYTHING WRONG?

HUH?  
NO...NO...  
NOTHING'S  
WRONG.



I'M NOT! I'M NOT!  
I'M NOT GROWING!  
I'M THE SMALLEST  
MIDGET IN THE  
WORLD! I'M NOT  
GROWING!

SURE YOU  
ARE, MIDGE!

HELENA! YOU HERE TOO?  
HELENA--TELL ME--IS  
THERE ANYTHING  
DIFFERENT ABOUT  
ME? TELL ME!!

WHY, MIDGE--  
YOU'RE TALLER!!  
YOU'VE GROWN--  
UNLESS YOU'RE  
WEARING SHMADLER  
ESCALATOR SHOES  
THAT ADD TWO INCHES  
TO YOUR HEIGHT!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IN A FRENZY, MIDGE RUSHES BACK TO HIS ROOM.

IT'S HAPPENING! I'M GROWING! I'M RUINED!! HA HA HA HA!!!



HELLO AGAIN, MIDGE. WE JUST WANT TO TELL YOU THAT CARLO DIED THIS AFTERNOON. THAT SHATTERED NEON TUBE FINALLY GOT HIM!



I'M GLAD! I'M GLAD HE'S DEAD! I'M ONLY SORRY YOU'RE ALL NOT DEAD LIKE I HAD PLANNED!! FATE IS TAKING REVENGE!!

BECAUSE I TRIED TO KILL YOU ALL, FATE IS RUINING ME BY MAKING ME GROW!! HA HA HA HA."

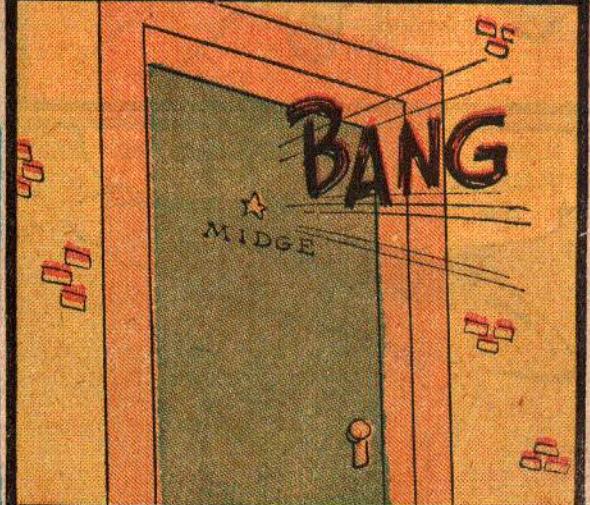


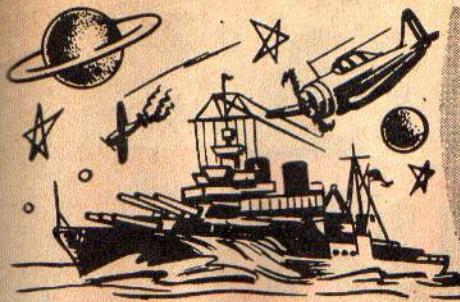
HERE YOU ARE, MIDGE. TAKE THESE TO THE DEVIL WITH YOU.



NOW WHODUNNIT?  
and WHODUNWHAT???

Carefully it could actually -- succeed.  
ALSO, KNOWING THAT HIS VICTIMS HAD DISCOVERED HE WAS REALIZED HE WAS LOST.  
HE WAS GRIMMING, KILLED HIMSELF.  
MIDGE, CRAZED BY THE THOUGHT THAT HIS GUILT, HE DISCOVERED HE WAS LOST.  
HE WAS GRIMMING, KILLED HIMSELF.  
MIDGE, CRAZED BY THE THOUGHT THAT HE WAS GRIMMING, KILLED HIMSELF.  
Suffice to say the world would





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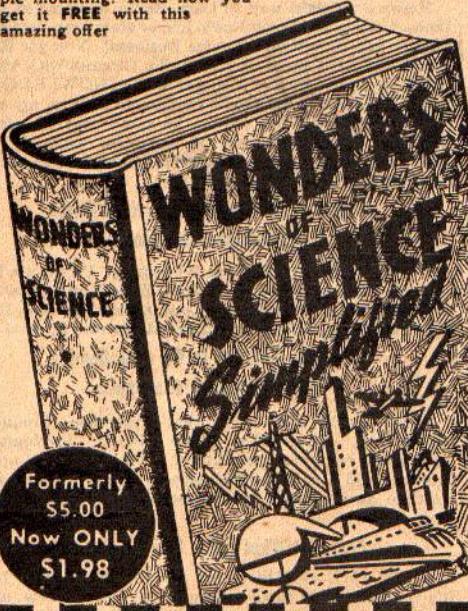
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